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Recognition of the Soviets

WHAT may be the first step toward recognition of the Soviets by the Administration was taken in the first week of July, when the Reconstruction Finance Corporation agreed to underwrite the purchase of cotton in the United States to the value of \$4,000,000. The loan is secured by notes of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, payable in one year, and guaranteed by the State Bank of the U. S. S. R.

The character of this transaction is obvious, and one can only wonder at the obstinacy of Chairman Jones, of the R. F. C., in refusing to admit that it is in any sense a loan to the Soviets. Credits will be advanced, he asserts, in the case of any American exporter, with satisfactory references, from whom the Amtorg may wish to purchase commodities. That may be, but Mr. Jones presumes on our credulity, great as it is, if he wishes us to believe that the Amtorg and the State Banks are private commercial enterprises, or anything but agencies of the Soviets.

Soviet agents will now purchase cotton for the Soviet Government through the medium of credits assumed by the American taxpayer. In return, the taxpayer takes a note guaranteed by a Government which, as Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, has said, makes a business of theft. Nor is Senator King, of Utah, who protests that the R. F. C. has no legal or moral right to subject the taxpayer's money to this risk, deceived by a feat of sleight-of-hand book-keeping. He characterizes the deal as a plain loan to the Soviet, "dangerous in the extreme," while Representative Fish, of New York, asserts that it is "inexcusable and probably illegal."

While the President has made no statement on recognition of the Soviets, the position of many of his close ad-

visers is not in doubt. William C. Bullitt, for instance, executive officer of the American delegation to the London Conference, is said to favor recognition, and with him Assistant Secretary of State Moley. According to a United Press cable, published in the New York *Herald Tribune* on July 4, Secretary Moley, after a conference with Maxim Litvinov, Soviet Foreign Commissar, at which Mr. Bullitt was present, announced that as soon as the pressure of domestic and international affairs had lifted, "Mr. Roosevelt was prepared to proceed with recognition." This announcement, of course, was wholly unofficial.

Even official pronouncements are not infrequently couched in terms which hide rather than explain their purpose. Consequently, the United Press cable is not conclusive; still, coming as it does on the day after the R. F. C. had underwritten the cotton loans, it cannot be wholly devoid of significance. From the day of President Roosevelt's inauguration, recognition of the Soviets has been an insistent problem at Washington, and it must be evident that some decision has been entertained by the Administration. The President has made no statement, but spokesmen for the Administration, if under that term the President's advisers and political affiliates may be grouped, have made many. Probably, then, the United Press report is correct to the extent that it foreshadows a decision in the future. What that decision will be and what attitude will be taken by the Senate, no one can say.

It has been suggested by an observer who has followed the proceedings closely that the loan to the Soviets is in the nature of an experiment. If repayment is made, the way will be opened to trade and other conferences for the purpose of creating a larger mass of commerce between Russia and the United States. In that case, supposing guarantees by the Soviets, and pressure brought

upon the Administration by its supporters here, recognition could not long be withheld. Ultimately, then, recognition would be contingent upon our ability to maintain profitable trade relations with the bloodiest and most untrustworthy Government in all history.

That, however, is not a basis which this country can approve. There is something more precious to a nation than dollars, and that is adherence to righteousness. During the last few months, Congress has put into the law affecting commerce and industrial relations many of the dictates of justice and charity upon which the stable reconstruction of the country must rest. The old laissez-faire theory under which for generations the strong slew the weak, and unchecked capitalism batted on the blood of the poor, has been rejected as a national policy. We must steadfastly hold what has thus been won. To recognize the Soviets, an outstanding example of capitalism masked as a government, a country in which might alone is right, would give the lie to all our professions.

Students and Religion

A GRADUATE student at the University of Chicago, Hilding B. Carlson, has been conducting an investigation of the religious beliefs of the seniors in that institution. He finds, according to a report presented at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, that these students are not greatly interested in religion, and that a majority do not believe in even the existence of God.

Allowance must be made for the fact that some of these unlicked cubs express contempt for, or indifference to, religion in a spirit that is mostly bravado. Time, with the experience that it brings, will probably teach some the error of their ways, and the value of repentance. Still, these surveys are of value in indicating a change of attitude that belongs not only to the colleges, but to the whole country. Protestantism has lost the influence which it had, even as late as the turn of the century. In the rural districts particularly, where other conditions might not unreasonably be looked for, the non-Catholic congregations are losing their hold upon the young people, with not much probability of ever regaining it.

The truth is that Protestantism has no effective defense against the spirit of secularism in this country. That spirit is now dominant, and in no field is it stronger than in education. Most of our children are trained in schools from which all religious teaching has been debarred by law, and very few parents, unfortunately, seem to understand that the religious education of the child is a work which must be undertaken conjointly by parents and school. From these institutions, devoid of religion, our young people pass into the non-religious or anti-religious atmosphere of the college and the university. If religion is not openly attacked, as it is in most of them, the indifference with which the college regards it can hardly fail to engender in the mind of the student the conclusion that religion is a sentiment or emotion of value only to the illiterate or the afflicted. That a "majority"

reach their senior year with no belief in God is not strange. The strange thing is that any retain belief in Him.

The moral should be of value to parents who contemplate entering their children at college. The only college fit for a Catholic student is a Catholic college.

The London Conference

IT must be admitted that in his message to the World Monetary and Economic Conference, President Roosevelt assumed the tone of a schoolmaster rating a particularly recalcitrant lot of sluggards and dullards. Direct, pointed, a bit tart, perhaps, the message left no doubt of the President's displeasure and disappointment. The Conference, he wrote, had been summoned "to bring about a more real and permanent financial stability, and a greater prosperity to the masses of all nations." This task had been neglected and it seemed to the President that the Conference was permitting itself "to be diverted by the proposal of purely artificial and temporary experiments, affecting the monetary exchange of a few nations only."

The chief points of difference between the President and the Conference are fairly clear. Apparently, the Conference wished to begin with plans for an international temporary stabilization of currencies, reserving such questions as the tariff, world trade, and national budgets, for later discussion. The President believes that this program must end in failure; that it is an attempt to rear the structure before settling the foundation. In his view, stabilization must be effected in the individual countries, and it depends upon their ability "to produce balanced budgets and [to live] within their means." When this is achieved, "then we can properly discuss a better distribution of the world's gold and silver supply to act as a reserve base of national currencies." Put more briefly, the President is unwilling to hazard this country's gold reserves on a temporary stabilization plan offered by the European gold-standard countries.

Naturally the President's message produced a state of mind not unlike consternation. It was as though the sucking dove had suddenly roared as a lion, and a cable to the *New York Times* for July 5, describes the delegates as reduced almost to tears by the President's sudden truculence. One after another the delegates of Great Britain, France, and Holland, rose to state that after conference with the President they had felt his first concern to be stabilization of the currencies. "Now he seems to brush all that aside," said Guido Jung, Finance Minister of Italy, "I cannot understand it." "It was the same with me," affirmed Premier MacDonald, and M. Bonnet gave the same testimony for M. Herriot.

Possibly there is some misunderstanding here; on that observers disagree. J. M. Keynes, writing in the *New York Herald Tribune*, thinks the President "magnificently right." The Conference, in his view, had really begun with an attempt by France to drive a wedge between England and the United States, and by threats of breaking the meeting to link British interests "to those of the European gold-standard countries." The President

detected these attempts, "and it is a long time since a statesman has cut through cobwebs so boldly." From this view Walter Lippmann dissents. The President has spoken "loudly and harshly"; his delegates are divided among themselves, and feel that they do not know what the President really wishes. In brief, the American delegation lacks authority, technical competence, unity, and contact with the President. "If Mr. Roosevelt means what he says, he must send a new delegation to London which knows what he means, and has power to act for him."

This is strong language, but also a trifle strained. While the President's tone and manner were regrettable, we believe with Mr. Keynes that he was justified in inviting the attention of the Conference to the fact that it was imperatively necessary "to proceed to substantial business." Only a bold man will dogmatize on stabilization of the currency; but it seems to us that unless every nation first strives to set its own house in order by establishing, in the words of the President, "a sound internal economic system," it is hopeless to talk of any sort of permanent stabilization, national or international.

In establishing that system, we cannot, of course, dissociate ourselves entirely from international concerns. There must be willingness to give and take for the common good. But it should not be forgotten that the establishment of international prosperity is contingent upon the establishment of "sound internal economic systems" in the nations themselves. That, if we are not mistaken, is the lesson of the President's message.

"Monsieur Vincent"

ONE of the most lovable men that ever lived was that seventeenth-century son of France whom all the world knows as St. Vincent de Paul. For every class of people, from the royal family to the galley slaves, and from a St. Francis de Sales to a reprobate met by chance in the slums, "Monsieur Vincent," as Archbishop Goodier has observed in the London *Month*, had a secret of fascination. Yet, after all, perhaps the secret is not very deep. Monsieur Vincent was transparently sincere, humble without affectation, and a lover of every son and daughter of God.

Few men can mingle with the great ones of this earth—and in his France they were superlatively Great Ones—and retain his complete independence of the spirit of that environment. Monsieur Vincent was one of the few. The works which he instituted, the Congregation of the Mission, the Sisters of Charity, conferences for the laity and the clergy, made these contacts necessary, but out of the necessity he created a spiritual gain both for them and for himself. His example made them, if not spiritual minded, at least willing to concede that God as well as Caesar may exact His dues.

The world best remembers him for his works of charity and his love of the poor. Yet it is doubtful, as Archbishop Goodier says, whether if questioned, he would have thought these his chief work. "Spiritual poverty

concerned him much more than material poverty," and his chief work was to make known to the world the richness of our inheritance in Christ. He was not, in any sense, a philanthropist, but one who loved his fellows because in them he loved God. He loved the poor above all others because it seemed to him that in them he found God more easily. They were the dearest friends of Jesus Christ, who reproduced Him better than the rich. Or, as Archbishop Goodier remarks, with keen insight, "The poor and the suffering were not humble people to be helped; they were nobler people, whom those less fortunate were to serve."

The world today calls for works of relief, as never before. Well for us if in answering that call, we remember the Christ-like spirit of Monsieur Vincent. For what suffering humanity needs is not philanthropy, but Christ's charity.

The Labor Racketeer

SOME months ago, the American Federation of Labor announced its intention to clean house by standing squarely back of every local which proposed to rid itself of racketeers. The announcement was long overdue, but it was issued, we think, in all good faith, and we sincerely trust that the Federation will achieve its purpose.

The racketeer has long been a familiar figure in labor circles, but he has become much too familiar during these years of depression. His power has grown in spite of the fact that he is generally abhorred. The decent union man unites with his employer and the general public in regarding him as a lawless marauder. Yet he has flourished, and in some cities he is still flourishing. He does not even know that the Federation and the unions have decreed that he must go. That district attorneys all over the country put him at the top of their list of public enemies means nothing to him.

Can he be sent to his proper place? If the locals will take the Federation at its word, if the Federation will show that it meant what it said, and if law enforcement can be disentangled from politics, we believe that he can. When the National Recovery Act begins to function, organized labor will find that he is too costly to be tolerated any longer. The Act guarantees the right of workers to form unions, forbids the iniquitous company union, and affirms the right of collective bargaining. It assumes, however, that employers, too, have rights, and organized labor may rest assured that employers will not be slack in asserting these rights, adding, perhaps a few privileges. A large group of employers is preparing, it is rumored, to contest the ban on the company union. Their case rests, chiefly, on the ground that the best that can be said for the average union official is that he is a petty scoundrel.

These employers have in mind the racketeering labor leader who thinks that workers are merely people to be exploited for his financial benefit. Labor cannot deny that such have existed. He is not yet an extinct specimen, but the Recovery Act may help the union to class him with the dodo.

Note and Comment

Able-Bodied Cripples

THE anomalies of the Federal pension system were stressed again by a case that came up in the New York courts last week. Four members of the New York police force seeking promotion had been granted priority by the Municipal Civil Service Commission, on the ground that they were War veterans. Investigation by the court showed a curious combination of facts. Three of these men were in receipt of Federal pensions for physical disability, although they had no difficulty in performing the physically arduous duties of New York policemen. Policeman A. strained his back in the West Indies, but recovered in time to pass the exacting physical tests of the police department, and to become the department's handball champion. Policeman B. passed these same tests with flying colors, in spite of the fact that the Federal Government had certified him as suffering a ninety-five per cent disability from tuberculosis. Policeman C. actually suffered a shrapnel wound some fifteen years ago, but he is in good condition today, since he had no difficulty in meeting the physical tests required for promotion. The wounds of Policeman D. are not disclosed in the record at hand. Perhaps they may come out later when the Civil Service Commission has explained to the satisfaction of Justice Ingraham how a man can be disabled and able-bodied at the same time. It is clear, however, that a physical examination conducted by the police department, for promotion, and a physical examination conducted by the Federal Government for a pension applicant, are entirely different processes.

Catholic Scholarship In the Depression

ONE might be curious to divine the reason of the steady increase in the number of Catholic students pursuing graduate studies in Catholic Graduate Schools, for it is a patent fact that the number has been increasing remarkably during the depression years. It must seem strange that during the era of prosperity little enthusiasm for higher degrees was shown by our college Bachelors. Wearied by the classical grind and with drills more theoretical than practical, he closed the vaults of his intellectual treasures on graduation day and went out to make a name and a living. It was not long before he was a dollar chaser like the rest of them. But the world upheaval has helped to orient him. The value of the spiritual and the supernatural in human life has been demonstrated by the collapse of the material structure of the gold slaves. He recognizes as never before that Christian principles are needed for civilization and culture, and his diagnosis points straight to the lack of Catholic leadership and united Catholic action. For this scholarship is essential, and the student is setting his sail for the harbor of research in the orthodox way. No longer satisfied with memorizing professor's notes, however

precious, or with gulping predigested summaries, he is enjoying the thrill of an adventure into the realms of original sources and is broadening his background of fact and relation by wide reading. He feels keenly the urge to write and to give expression to his findings, and believes that education is not for one's subjective pleasure but for an objective, common good. It marks a new era and perhaps a "new deal" in Catholic higher education. A recent report of the Committee on Graduate Studies of the National Catholic Educational Association shows that during a seven-year period (1926-1933) the full-time students in Catholic graduate schools have increased over 10 per cent, part-time students over 100 per cent, the total increasing from 2,839 to 4,922. Would that some of our Catholic laymen of means would realize the value of stronger Catholic action and leadership, and the important influence of graduate studies under the Church's guidance towards this end!

Credits in College Religion

DURING the past Spring the *Journal of Religious Instruction*, of De Paul University, has been investigating the status of college credits in religion. The study, the *Journal* announced in its June issue, will be presented in detail this autumn. Three questions were looked into: the credit status of religion courses in Catholic colleges; their reception in secular institutions, and particularly by the various State universities. Data were collected from seventy-eight Catholic colleges in twenty-two States. The following observations were reached by a cursory inspection of the facts:

1. Some institutions accept religion credit towards the minimum requirements for a degree, but they have raised this minimum.
2. In some Catholic colleges where credit from religion courses is not recognized toward the minimum requirement for a degree, the local State university recognizes the same courses for credit upon the transfer of a student.
3. A number of institutions have no specific knowledge relative to the reception accorded to their courses in religion at their respective State universities.
4. It is interesting to note that Catholic colleges in the same State differ in their recognition of religion credit.

The *Journal* rightly remarks: "College credits in Religion should be accepted at their full value both by Catholic institutions of higher learning, and by State and other non-Catholic universities. It is a problem that Catholic education should attack and carry through to a healthy solution." Concerted action with regard to religion credits will naturally follow concerted handling of the problem of religious instruction in the colleges.

God and Columbus

LIKE a ghost from the past, Dr. William Moreland Hall, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Sacramento, appeared mysteriously in the pulpit of St. John the Divine in New York on July 2, and thanked God that Columbus had discovered only South America and not North America. Instead, two other Italians, the Cabots, "in 1497 claimed our whole Atlantic coast for King Henry VIII and England's Holy Church." Seeing that, as H.

C. Watts pointed out recently in these columns, "England's Holy Church" under Henry VIII was to be merely a schismatic church, which was later reconciled to the communion of Rome, perhaps the Cabots should not be so harshly judged. They could hardly be expected to have foreseen that fact, however, in 1497, in which year, and for many years to come, Henry VII was King of England and England's Holy Church was still in communion with Rome. So by the Bishop's own words it was the Church of Rome for which the Atlantic coastline was claimed. But, according to the good Bishop, this advance claiming of North America for the Anglican Church saved us from many horrible calamities. It saved us from the principles of Richelieu and Loyola, "the rule of the noble and the Jesuit," and worse still, "from the horrors of an Alva or a Philip, the reign of the monk." Presumably it is only the rocks and rills that have cause to be thankful for this, since the people who would have inhabited these regions would have been quite content with Jesuits and monks and the Indians would still be living side by side with us in Boston and New York and they might even have had a President of the country instead of merely a half-breed Vice-President. However, the speculations opened up by the Bishop's slightly inaccurate musings are infinite. He himself would, of course, be probably only a canon of St. Paul's in London and might have had the leisure to study history a little longer.

Movie Script Prize Contest

IF there is any one thing more than another that is the matter with the moving pictures, it is the type of people who are writing for them. The producers themselves are constantly represented to us as wanting nothing better than good scripts and new writers. That the past scripts and the present writers do not represent the ideas of our Western civilization is undeniable, and the recapture of this powerful form of public entertainment for the Christian mind is one of the chief tasks before those who profess the Christian religion. This fact was clearly put before the recent Catholic Press Convention. In a report of the C.P.A.'s Literature bureau, it was proposed to devote the money accrued for literary prizes to a contest in the coming year for the best stories suitable for motion-picture scripts. These prizes will, fortunately, be large enough to attract writers of ability who might not ordinarily be interested, and of course will not by any means exclude beginners. They will be of \$500, \$300, and \$200, respectively. The stories must be original, they must be such as can readily be turned into scenarios, and they must above all be informed by the Christian philosophy of life. They need not be in scenario form, for only the technically trained can do this successfully, and hence they must primarily consist of a situation, a definite set of characters, two or more climaxes, and a dramatic denouement. The Catholic Press Association will acquire rights over the stories and will agree to market them; it will, of course, share equitably the proceeds with the successful writers. If it succeeds in turn-

ing our creative talents in this direction it will have achieved its purpose, and will have done incalculable good in acquainting our writers, young and old, in the proper procedure. The terms and conditions of the contest are now in process of formation and will be broadcast in ample time, probably by the end of the summer.

Russian Economics

IN an editorial in this issue, the moral aspects of the prospective recognition of the Soviet Government are discussed. The economics of the proposition are no less bewildering. However the loan or loans may be disguised, essentially they are loans made by our Government to the Russian State. They must be paid back within a year. The first loan will undoubtedly be followed by others, until within a year it is conceivable that they will mount to a sizable figure. They will have to be large, if the only justification they have—the benefit to American industry—is to be realized. Now, just how will they be paid back? Here we enter into the old weary round of the problem that bedevils the other international loans dating from War and post-War days, the problem of transfer. They can be paid back only in goods, since gold and services are out of the question, and even with available gold and services goods are the ultimate and only way of paying us back. Our industries themselves will simply not allow them to be paid back in goods, in at least any quantity sufficient to meet them. It is, therefore, inevitable that the same thing will happen to them that has happened to the other governmental debts, that the time will come when Russia will politely point out that she would be delighted to pay, but how can she? We will simply not let her. Germany, in fact, is now doing the very same thing with the private debts, which the bankers are supposed to be protecting by clamoring for the remission of the public debts. So we will be faced with the dilemma: either we must scale down the Russian debts to a point where they can be met by an exchange of goods, or we must let down the bars altogether to Russian imports. Nobody has yet found any other way out of this dilemma, and nobody will. So, either way we look at it, this new proposition of using public money to grant goods for Russia with the slimmest possible chance of their repayment is a piece of shortsighted folly.

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Marriage: Mixed and Unmixed

A CATHOLIC WIFE

IN his excellent discourse apropos of the Marriage of Cana, our pastor, some Sundays ago, mentioned some interesting statistics. They were based on the United States census of 1912 and showed the following facts: out of marriages between Protestants thirty per cent of their children are lost to all religion; out of purely Catholic unions only two per cent are lost to religion; and out of mixed marriages over seventy per cent are lost.

Those were rather appalling figures, dealing as they do with the loss and salvation of human souls! I was sorry he did not follow up the calculation with a comparative estimate of the ensuing separations and divorces; one feels sure they would have been in approximate proportion.

That day over our Sunday dinner table my husband and I reviewed the sermon in the light of mixed marriages we have known among our own friends. We are modern young people, modern, I hope, in the intelligently conservative sense of the word, modern enough to enjoy justifying our faith by the facts around us.

"There's Dorothy and Tom," I mused.

"Oh, I think they're fairly happy," said John.

"Yes, fairly, but wouldn't they be a lot happier if there wasn't that constant friction about the children? Dorothy told me he was anything but pleased over the arrival of their last baby; he said they couldn't afford any more! That was a clash of underlying moral principles which must have made it terribly hard on Dorothy! Instead of the love and sympathy she needed and deserved, he made her feel that he was blaming her for clinging to a superstitious, outworn code of ethics."

"But he believes in God, doesn't he? I don't see how he can believe that man has any right to interfere in God's course of creation."

"Oh, he argues the old stuff about man's right to supplement and control the laws of nature intelligently. You know, John, I'm worried about Dorothy. She's a good little thing but she isn't as clever as Tom and she can't answer his sophistries even to her own satisfaction. Besides she's ambitious for the children and she's afraid they won't be able to send them all to college and . . ."

"Yes," said John, "and to tap dancing and music lessons and all the rest of those terribly essential things in life! I bet she even complained that if they have more children they'd have to lower their standard of living!"

"Exactly," I laughed. "As if one can't lower the financial standard of living without losing happiness and spiritual ideals! I try my best to keep her straight about such things but she's with him all the time and she loves him. I'm afraid eventually her faith will weaken. She's not strong-minded enough for such a difficult situation!"

"That's too bad. Well, Jimmy Peters is pretty decent with Margaret, isn't he? She's certainly strong-minded; I bet she holds her own about religion and everything else!"

"Now she's too independent! I mean she's always on the defensive. Remember at our dinner party last New Year's when I had such a time diverting a scene between them over some joke he told about an Irishman and a Jew? She flared up like a bonfire because she thought the joke was disrespectful to the good old Irish Catholics! He didn't mean a thing by it, I knew, but her red hair simply stood on end for a minute. Jimmy is a care-free kind-hearted boy and he worships Margaret. He hasn't any religion at all, but I think if Margaret would get out of that defensive attitude about her own she could convert him; as it is, if she keeps on she'll antagonize him. She's always rubbing it in on him that he's a Mason."

"Well, he is, isn't he?" said John.

"Yes, but I don't think it means anything much to him. He's a natural born 'joiner'! He told me himself that his best friends were Catholics."

"I know. I remember, too, how disgusted he was at the way Helen Earle acted at the famous christening."

"Oh, John, wasn't that awful?"

We referred to the most unpleasant examples in our observation of marital difficulties! Helen had married Bill Earle against her family's protestations. They liked Bill but they didn't like his religion! Helen was madly in love with him and finally agreed to make all the promises and to be married by the priest. Maybe things would have been better if they could have moved away to some other city, but as it was they lived close to her family. When their baby was born her mother and sisters immediately began their "missionary work."

"That's your baby," they insistently declared. "And you've got the right to give it your religion. Now is the time to assert yourself."

Having just gone through the ordeal of motherhood, Helen was inclined to regard the infant as rather exclusively her own and poor Bill was in the usual mellow and humble mood of the young father! She decided it was time to assert herself. When Bill mentioned the subject of baptism, she announced that the baby was to be allowed to choose his own religion. They'd wait until he was old enough to decide for himself.

"But darling, you promised," began Bill.

"Oh, that was just a form," she remarked. "I didn't mean a word of it and I was too emotionally wrought up to use my own judgment anyway."

Well, Bill was shocked. I think from that moment his respect for his wife was shattered. Anyway, after Helen and the baby came home from the hospital, she sullenly surrendered to his plans for the baptism. Tom and I were to be godparents and several other couples were invited. We met at the Earles' home and were to go together to the church. As soon as we arrived, we felt the storm in the air. Helen, of course, was still weak and pale, and Bill was all gentleness and sweetness to her. We could see she'd been weeping and she hardly greeted us. Before

leaving for the church, we all drank to the baby's health and then raised our glasses to drink to Helen. Then the explosion came! She threw her glass on the floor and burst into such a fit of hysterics as I have never witnessed. It was her baby! She'd gone through hell to have him! Bill couldn't take him away from her like this! Her religion was as much to her as his was to him! She hadn't meant those silly old promises; everybody knew that was just a form! And so forth, as John said later, "ad nauseum"!

It was embarrassing for us and simply heart-breaking, I think, for Bill. He handled it very courageously, although her family still persist that he was a cruel beast. He spoke calmly to her and very lovingly, but he made it clear that the baby must be a Catholic and that the baptism would take place as arranged. We all got out and waited in the machine. What was said after we left, we didn't know, but in about ten minutes Bill came out, his face was white and set, but he had the baby in his arms.

"Helen isn't coming," he said.

Someone murmured something about the excitement being bad for her, that perhaps he ought to wait a few weeks.

"The baby is nearly a month old," he replied, "and he is going to be baptized today."

Well, it wasn't a very cheerful christening party, but the baby behaved beautifully, as if to show his father he was on his side! Now it's nearly time for him to start to school and another storm is brewing over that. How it will turn out between Bill and Helen no one knows! There will, in any case, be unhappiness and heartache on either side.

Even disregarding children, how can marriage achieve the perfect union of mind and soul if a man and woman differ in the deepest and most fundamental facts of life?

The most sacred depth of marital happiness must surely come from a oneness in the conception of God, in the philosophy of love and suffering and joy.

The young couple whom I know the best of all are both Catholics and their most fervent prayer is one of thanksgiving for their mutual heritage of faith. They have never forgotten, even in the commonplaceness of every-day existence, that brightest day when they stood together before the Tabernacle and God Himself smiled out at them. They had never seen so clearly the actual presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, and it was a glorious revelation to have come to them . . . together! It was as if time paused to let them stand for just a moment in eternity while God reached out His hand to warn and to bless them.

"What God hath joined. . . Until death do us part." Truly it was brought into the hearts of two young Catholics that marriage had been raised to the dignity of a sacrament. Something too great to be broken by petty prides or feelings, something to rejoice in, to suffer for, and to be worthy of. Something which gives grace to endure pain which one could not otherwise have found courage to face.

For this young couple came to face the darkest day

of all when they stood together beside the crib-side of their dying baby, their only child. They stood together, bearing it together, accepting it together, because of the strengthening grace that had come to them on that other brighter day; and, strangely, out of their mutual agony came the perfect deepening of their love.

So it seems to them, as it must seem to others whose Catholic ideals are shared, that marriage when it is truly a Sacrament may carry them through danger and pain but it will teach them also the lesson of its compensations and its joys.

On a Certain Condescension in Scientists

DANIEL C. O'GRADY, PH.D.

IN one of his many papers on evolution, the late Sir Bertram Windle protested against the absurd practice by the orthodox of trembling at the reputed discovery of an alleged missing link or rejoicing at the refutation of an evolutionistic hypothesis. The one reaction betrayed the same silly misgivings as the other. A similar sort of conduct has attended the generous and patronizing confession of Professor Eddington that even physical science is tolerant toward the transcendental. The blurb on the jacket of his "Science and the Unseen World" announced the gladness with which those religious people who had read the concluding chapters of his previous work on "The Nature of the Physical World" would welcome the hope held out for religion by this savant.

Even the layman, with but a modicum of theology and the least tincture of what is loosely called "fundamentalism," cannot but be impressed by this attitude with its implication of surrender and compromise. That there should be room in the domain of truth for diplomacy and reconciliation sounds much like the common fallacy to the effect that one belief is as good as another, as though there could possibly be any conceivable middle ground for adjustment and settlement between contradictions. The Catholic layman who is at all familiar with the apologetics of the last fifty years, and with the controversial literature devoted to the subject by such agencies as the America Press, the Catholic Truth Society, or the Paulist Press, is at least acquainted with the first principles arrived at in the attempt to solve this acute problem. He realizes, for instance, that the conflict is usually one between pseudo-science and orthodox dogma; that it is frequently a scientist, rather than science, who constitutes the opposition; that there can be no conflict between the book of nature and the Inspired Books; and finally that, in the event of an apparent antithesis or discrepancy, one can usually find a faulty interpretation of the one or of the other because their common Author cannot contradict Himself. The believer also appreciates the fact that, if there were, hypothetically, a genuine disparity between observation and experiment with their "facts," and Revelation, Authority, or Infallibility with its "truth," he must obviously choose the latter in preference to the former for the simple reason that it is superior.

There have been thinkers, of course, who attempted to escape the dilemma by means of the Averroistic subterfuge, according to which what is true in philosophy may be false in theology, and vice versa. This alleged separation of internal experience, as they call it, from external experience provides the sort of refuge and safety which the ostrich is said to prize. It should be observed, too, that when science and religion are related to each other as fact to value, appearance to reality, the knowable to the unknown, or the visible to the invisible, no place is left for the sphere of philosophy which, like science, is a variety of natural knowledge as opposed to supernatural faith, but which, unlike science, deals with the rational, metaphysical, transcendental, substantial and ultimate rather than with the data of experience which science empirically describes in its partial, incomplete, and proximate way. Indeed, it is recognized by most leaders in science today that their findings are symbolical descriptions rather than explanations. Their positivistic brethren, however, continue to fasten the name of occultism, with all its insinuation of obscurantism, to all concepts and entities which are not amenable to the yardstick, the microscope, and the test-tube.

In a recent symposium entitled "Science and Religion," a dozen prominent thinkers contributed their mite to the solution of this perennial problem. The solutions offered were so simple that they might well be regarded with suspicion, and Dean Inge, with (this time) a justified gloom, suggested that so much courtesy and politeness had been displayed that there was danger of regarding the entire historical issue as being due to a trifling misunderstanding, whereas actually it is based upon fundamental attitudes. The ordinary reader is apt to gather the impression that the whole affair was a sort of lover's quarrel and that nothing remains but to kiss and make up.

To one who heeds this warning and who is suspicious of "the Greeks bearing gifts," it would seem advisable to examine these overtures with cautious scrutiny. Julian Huxley, for instance, whose agnosticism is on a par with that of his grandfather, Thomas Henry Huxley, tells us that religion must abandon its old "theology of fixity" and its "claims to certitude." He conceives its functions to be that of appraising and assigning values so that we shall know how to employ the knowledge, power, and control of nature which science provides, because the latter is morally and emotionally neutral. He is not "an adherent of any sect" and he reduces the religious spirit to a sense of sacredness, dependence, and curiosity. The history of religion, he tells us, reveals that God and immortality are not indispensable to religion. As he sees it, life is an experiment and the aim of humanity in its manipulations is to "make life more truly and more fully worth living" or to "realize the kingdom of God upon earth," which is "another way of saying the same thing."

When such a writer assures us that there is no conflict between science and religion, we must insist that we cannot accept his reasons for this confidence nor his conception of religion. The history of religion is no substitute for the proofs of God's existence, the divinity of

Christ, or the authenticity of the Catholic Church. The religious sense is not religion and theology cannot be reduced to psychology and biography. The man on the street is not interested in the rights and tenets of savages, except as a matter of scholarship. He is interested in the truth or falsity, rather than the evolution of such beliefs. He agrees with the statement in the same volume by the biologist, J. A. Thomson, that religion has an "intellectual side."

One is not surprised these days at attempts to repudiate the "theology of fixity" because the categories of evolution and relativity are so entrenched in the modern mind that the notion of a truth which is absolute, immutable, permanent, perennial, and eternal is commonly rejected. To this we need only say in passing that the multiplication table seems to be holding its own without revision.

The view that science deals with facts while religion deals with values is partly true, but it fails to take cognizance of what Professor J. Arthur Thomson in this same series calls "the intellectual side of religion." The same defect is to be found in Dean Inge's statement to the effect that the scientific man is interested in the difference between true and false, while the religious man is concerned with the distinction between good and evil. Professor Thomson comes nearer to orthodoxy when he defines religion as an "over-belief" or as the "struggle and strain at the limits of our intellectual reach." He also tells us that while science gives us the *What* and *Whence* and *How* and *Whither* of things, it never asks or answers the question *Why*, and he compares scientific methods to a fishing net which is adapted to capture only certain truths.

Professor J. S. Haldane, the eminent physiologist, delights in the escape of religion from "its effete theological trappings," but gives us what is at best a pantheistic deity, which he defines as "the only ultimate reality" and "the Personality of personalities." His substitute for personal immortality is the collective survival which we usually associate with the doctrines of the Orient. Other points, however, that merit consideration and approval are raised by this writer when he refuses to allow science to usurp the throne of philosophy or to consider the former as being confined to physical and mathematical knowledge.

As long as science is falsely identified with naturalism and as long as "The Varieties of Religious Experiences" replaces the Scriptures, no satisfactory truce between the factions shall be forthcoming. In the meantime, the curriculum of our Catholic colleges should include among its courses a study of this ever urgent problem.

ONE WAY OF ART

The room was bare wherein she sat
And wept for sore distress;
She had no friend to soothe her grief,
Or share her bitterness.

She pressed her cold and empty hand
Against her burning head
And turned her sorrow into songs
That she could sell for bread.

MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.

A Protestant Thinks Out Loud

HERBERT G. MOORE

THE history of these last few years has been a history of lost fortunes, lost confidence, lost faith, of struggling against terrific odds, of suffering and distress and finally utter despair. It has been a period when our national barometer has been falling rapidly, when men have begun to wonder whether life was really worth the candle—and some people predict that the worst is still to come.

To cite another example of this depressing spectacle will not be a novelty to you now, and perhaps will be unwelcome to those of you who have tired of this procession of misfortune. But I feel obliged to distress you with one more tale of adversity because it meant something to me, and I feel certain that it will convey something to you.

It has to do with a man whom I have known for some time, even though he is some years my senior. Three or four years ago, this man was riding on the crest of the wave of prosperity, with a thriving business and a future that seemed assured. A beautiful home, a charming family, a full life—his cup of happiness was flowing over. His story since then is the story of millions of others. His economic graph has been constantly on the downward path until two months ago, when his business was placed in the hands of a receiver, hopelessly lost. Today he is left practically penniless, with a wife and three growing children dependent on him. Surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of his former life, he sits there today a pauper, past middle age, past the prime of life, past the time when he may reasonably expect to come back. All of this is particularly unfortunate because it has happened through no fault of his own. He did not play the stock market. He did not speculate. He did not gamble away his fortune. But there he stands amid the ruins of his life, the innocent victim of the fate that is dogging the tracks of so many today.

I met him the other day for the first time in several months. I took the opportunity to go up and grab him by the hand.

"I was very sorry to hear the sad news," I said. "More sorry than I can tell you. I'm speaking from the bottom of my heart. I sympathize with you and I'm in a position to sympathize. But tell me something. I've seen you at a distance several times lately, and every time you've been laughing and joking. How do you continue to smile in the face of all you've been through? As for me, I haven't had a good laugh in months."

He hesitated for a few minutes before answering.

"I'm afraid I can't explain it to you," he said finally, "because you don't know how much comfort and solace I get out of my religion."

That statement did not impress me at the time, but after I had left him I began to think about it. He was a Catholic. I was a Protestant. He realized that we did not speak the same language.

Comfort and solace out of religion? Is not that the purpose of religion? Is it not intended to console and cheer us in trouble, to alleviate our suffering, to assuage our grief, to mitigate our pain? Is not its function to substitute hope for fear? I look around me today, and I find no smiles on the faces of my fellow-Protestants; their religious lives and their everyday lives are apparently two separate existences. As far as they are concerned, the church is put under lock and key from Sunday night until Sunday morning.

I had never thought much about this matter, I had never given much consideration to religion and its place in our everyday life, but during the last few days I have thought much about it. Maybe that man was right. Maybe I have never become acquainted with the comfort and solace that is to be derived from religion.

I belong to a church whose doors are closed except on Sunday. It is a one-day-a-week church, not a seven-day-a-week sanctuary. I may be cold and weary, but there is a barred door between me and the warmth and restfulness of God's House. My soul may be sorely troubled, but I must wait until Sunday before the doors are opened to comfort me.

My church spends millions of dollars each year on heathens and savages in China and Africa, in the other parts of the earth, while in America human beings of our own blood are allowed to starve and freeze and perish from the lack of that which the church has to give. There are millions of Americans today who have forgotten the church because the church has forgotten them. Understand—I am not arguing against foreign missions, but I feel at this time that the church's first obligation is at home.

My church is responsible for the laboring man and his family being denied their natural Sunday pleasures. Instead of permitting them, on their one free day each week, to enjoy clean, healthy sports in God's fresh air, instead of granting them wholesome entertainment, my church has driven them to back alleys, to speakeasies, to houses of ill repute. What a price we have paid, and are paying, to keep the Sabbath holy!

My church is operating a huge and expensive lobby in Washington for the purpose of spreading vicious propaganda, for the purpose of influencing and intimidating our duly elected representatives, for the purpose of sponsoring legislation that lends comfort and support to bootleggers and gangsters and racketeers. My church has become a traitor to the cause of true temperance and an enemy to sobriety. My church is so puerile that it still believes personal morals can be regulated by law.

Again I am not arguing the pros and cons of blue laws or Prohibition. My contention is that, if the church were doing its duty, people would live right without so many laws. I believe a man can be as good a Christian watching a baseball game on Sunday as fighting in a trustee

meeting on Monday. I prefer even a drunkard to some of the hypocritical white-ribboners who sit in their pew every Sunday morning. My soul needs comfort, my faith needs reawakening, but the church prefers to tell me about Prohibition and blue laws.

My church has taken an active part in the field of politics, a role for which it is entirely unsuited. The minister in the pulpit has become a kind of political boss. Sunday after Sunday I have listened to sermons advocating the election of this man or the defeat of that man. Sunday after Sunday I have gone to church for the comfort and edification of my soul—and have been told how to vote.

Yes, I am a Protestant. I inherited that religion. Except for a few converts and a few back-sliders, we all inherit our religion. But I can see the good points in Catholicism and recognize the fact that the Catholic Church is succeeding now where most of the Protestant churches are failing. Few Protestants can say, as my Catholic

friend said, "I am getting comfort and solace out of my religion."

There never has been a time in the history of the world when man's faith has been put to the test as it has been today. If we are to weather this storm, if we are to maintain our equilibrium, if we are to emerge a greater nation, the church must be our guide. God bless that church which opens its doors for the comfort of harassed souls. God bless that church to which men can go and forget their troubles. If the Catholic Church does no more than put a smile on the faces of those men, the Catholic Church has remained true to its trust.

I am not in the habit of speaking on religious subjects. After all, who am I to tell you that your faith is right, or that your faith is wrong? The God of the Catholics is the God of the Protestants, although at times you would not think so. No, I do not intend this as an essay on theology. But I hope that it may bring a message to Catholics, and a word of warning to Protestants.

Joséph of Chartres

VINCENT F. FAGAN

THE streets are narrow and crooked. At least they were five years ago, and the streets of Chartres do not change much in five years. Almost any one of them will lead you eventually to the great gray Cathedral, but with many a twist that could dishearten you, were you not conscious of the two towers always shining against the sky.

In one of these streets Mlle. Helene and I walked one summer morning. To our right, the spoked wheels of the cathedral buttresses swept upward like the parts of a vast, silent, stone machine. As we reached the north transept porch, on our way to the house of Joséph, the street took a whimsical turn to the left and we turned with it.

Joséph, Mlle. Helene informed me, was the concierge of Chartres. He rang the bells. He carried the keys. By day he could be seen up among the buttresses or along the balustraded gutter. At night he slept in a small cubicle in the choir screen, his watch dog by his side. His wife and small daughters saw him only at meal times.

His house was on the shaded side of the street, and a trickling stream of clear water ran past, murmuring over the cobblestones of the gutter. Across this, one stepped to the threshold of Joséph if one would pull at his door-bell.

Mlle. Helene rang, and the door was opened by a little girl. Her hair was still wet, with a part in the middle that told of the energetic combing and brushing of a busy mother. As we turned to follow her through the small hallway, there was a sound of dishes being washed. Feminine voices were raised excitedly.

A door ahead of us opened and framed a picture of Madame herself. Dressed in black, she was drying her hands in a white apron. She paused to look, then rushed happily toward Mlle. Helene. From the quick manner in

which my introduction was disposed of and from the rapid inflections of the conversation which followed, I realized there was something here of grave importance. Mlle. Helene nodded her head sympathetically and offered consolation with a coaxing voice. Often the name of Joséph was spoken, and vague fears came upon me that some accident had befallen the man of Chartres. From the closed door I could hear the sobs of the small daughters, and beside me Madame herself had broken into tears.

At length, with a wavering sigh, she dried her eyes on the broad hem of her apron and went to her children in the kitchen.

Mlle. Helene glanced toward the door, leaned forward, and lowered her voice. It had happened, she said, just a few moments before our arrival. Joséph himself could hardly have turned the corner at the head of the street, returning to the cathedral, when Madame had cried out in her dismay.

The little household had always been under the special patronage of the good saint whose name Joséph bore. Year after year, the leaden statue of the kindly St. Joséph had stood on the kitchen shelf. Year after year his blessings had been abundant.

Did the chimney draw badly? Would the oven threaten to bake treacherously? Was the pot slow to boil? *Bien!* There was only to place the little leaden statue of St. Joséph near the oven, or on the lid of the pot. So! Immediately, the oven would bake; the pot would boil!

But today it had happened, and so quickly! One moment he had been standing securely enough on the lid of the pot. Madame had only turned aside for an instant. When she looked again, St. Joséph was a spot of molten lead bubbling on top of the hot stove. There had been tears and there had been prayers but St. Joséph was gone, gone after all these years. Madame scoured her-

self with reproach. Who knew what it could portend for the little family of Jos  ph of Chartres?

On our way out Madame assured us over and over that he had been placed, by her own hands, in exactly the same spot a hundred times before. And her back had only been turned for the scantiest fraction of a second. As we said "Au revoir," she stood in the door, a forlorn figure holding a corner of the apron against her tear-stained cheek.

When we reached the transept porch, Mlle. Helene and I separated, she to find Jos  ph and I to sit in the old bishop's garden where one can see the enormous masses of the apse, bright with the morning sunlight. Later I strolled to the south porch with its shadows deep and sharp, and its carving clearly outlined. By the time I had come to the west portals the sun was warm, and I sought the coolness of the interior with its smell of dead incense, candles, and old masonry.

By the time my eyes had become accustomed to the dim light, I was standing in the south aisle. To the left, stone columns soared to the dim vaulting above. On the right, the windows of Chartres swept upward, lancet after lancet. They marched forward, too, column after column, window after window, in diminishing perspective, disappearing finally around the curve of the distant choir screen.

Out of the choir screen he emerged at that instant. I recognized Jos  ph; Mlle. Helene had told me so much about him. Despite his short stature, there were the broad shoulders, and there was the black, fez-like cap. Pausing now and then to push a priedieu against a column base, he made his way toward me.

Jos  ph approached me and stood with a quizzical tilt to his head. He held a large gold watch and its white face was extended toward me. Its two uneven hands pointed upward toward the stem. The links of a heavy chain led to his black vest, shiny and worn. A generous, well-stroked Gallic mustache hid any stray mood his mouth might have revealed. His cheeks were pink under a network of small red veins. According to his temper, a pair of eyebrows, dark and heavy, raised and lowered beneath the black crown of his cap. His eyes were keen and young. From his wide shoulders, a dark blue coat hung almost to his knees. Not always had the coat been so long, but what tailor could reckon with the wax tapers and the heavy keys of Chartres? These were always in his pockets, and a bother they were, too, bumping against a man's thighs every time he tried to hurry a bit or climb a winding stair. He pointed again to his watch before the idea broke upon me that it was noon and time to ring the bells of the Angelus.

We crossed the nave to a little door in the northwest corner. As we climbed the narrow spiral steps, it was not long till my feet became weary with their weight and I staggered against the round masonry of the enclosing walls. When we rested, I could hear him above me, breathing louder than my own heart's beating. A trying pace he set, this man Jos  ph, and the tower stair was an eternal treadmill.

Suddenly it became lighter, the journey ended, and a wind brought cool relief. There was a platform, and there were doves that stretched their wings and looked at you with one eye. Below stretched the fields of the countryside, the noon sun lacquering them crisply in the precise patterns of summer. Beside us and above hung the big bells of Chartres, embossed with bronze phrases very old and very Latin.

Heavy pockets dragging, Jos  ph hung up his coat with one hand and pulled out his watch with the other. He rolled his sleeves and stroked both sides of his mustache with the back of his bare wrist. From a corner he picked up a huge hammer. Off in the distance there was a white puff against a green background. It melted to blue wisps and the shrill whistle of a train reached our ears. Jos  ph noted it, looked at his watch, and stepped forward.

Lifting the hammer, he swung a deliberate, tentative blow upon the drab green hide of the bell before him. With a beating of wings, the doves above our heads burst forth into the sunlight, whirling and wheeling out over the roofs of the town. Jos  ph dealt more blows upon the bell, measured, leisurely blows. Then all was silent, save for the vibrations. A small white feather floated in the air and came to rest on his black cap. He laid the hammer aside.

Suddenly, he sprang into action. He flung himself recklessly upon the big bell, goading and striving to stir the life he knew was in it. With the reluctance of a stubborn beast it resisted him, but Jos  ph was aroused and superb. His shoulders tightened the fabric of his shirt and strove to burst it. Like a wrestler he blew through his nostrils, then plunged to the attack.

The thing trembled and yielded a trifle. Jos  ph grunted and pressed his small advantage. Ah! It was moving, more surely, back and forth! A little more each time—now he was riding it on the upswing.

With a brazen crash the tongue struck one side, then the other! The heavy thunderous notes were loose at last, and clamoring to be heard. Like the doves before them they went tumbling out of the high north tower of Chartres: "—Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy word!"

Jos  ph stepped backward, wiped his brow, and drew his coat over his wet shoulders. The bell spent itself with a few laggard notes and buzzed like a bronze hive of metallic bees.

Jos  ph soothed it with a gentle hand, muttered "Voil  !" in his black mustache, and turned to lean over the parapet. His gaze fell downward upon a certain red roof with a sooty chimney pot. Madame had heard his bell and there would be dinner, good wine, a pipe, and a little nap in his chair.

The gladness left his eyes and his right hand fumbled in the mysterious recesses of his sagging pocket. He brought out something shapeless and wrapped in brown paper which he removed for me. It was a shiny leaden saint with sharp new lines in his flowing beard. As he wrapped it again, he sighed and shook his head despairingly. The new one had been Mlle. Helene's idea, not his.

He shrugged his shoulders and we turned to go away.

The spiral stair seemed even steeper going down, and I could hear a muffled thud whenever Joseph's pocket

swung against the stones of the wall. Overhead, in the belfry of the high north tower of Chartres, there was the flutter of wings returning.

Education

The Catholic Education Convention

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

ONE must attend a meeting of the National Catholic Educational Convention to realize the extent of the Church's work in this field. The university was represented in the graduate school, in the seminary, major and minor, in the college, in the nursing schools, in the pre-medical report. The secondary school and the parish school had full and diversified programs; the parent-teacher associations found new charters to reach new objectives; a full afternoon was given to vocational guidance and to a discussion of religious vocation; the diocesan and local superintendents held a special meeting; the liturgical-arts movement offered an attractive display; the sodality booth was a mine of information; the deaf-mute and blind sections had their technical and religious discussions. At that, a mere man reporter might have missed the conference of the colleges for women, since it was scheduled for the day before the formal opening of the Convention. At it the report of the committee on Kappa Gamma Pi, a national Catholic honor society, was read.

A subject discussed in all the sections was, naturally, the teaching of religion, and the college department formed a new committee to study the subject. A paper on teaching religion was read in the college department by the Rev. Charles J. Deane, S.J., of Fordham, while in the secondary-school department similar papers were had by the Rev. Peter Resch, S.M., of Maryhurst, Kirkwood, Mo., and by Sister Jane Marie, O.P., Dominican Convent, Grand Rapids, Mich., with formal discussions by the Rev. N. M. Churchill, Columbia Academy, Dubuque, Iowa, and by Brother Majella, C.S.C., Cathedral High School, Indianapolis, Ind. In the parish-school department, the general topic for Tuesday's afternoon meeting was "Teaching Religion." Knowing that the November *Bulletin* of the National Catholic Educational Association will contain all the papers and reports of this meeting, I confine myself to the college department. In it were had several reports that merited careful study. The papers on nursing schools by Sister Helen Jarrell and Sister Mary Henrietta and the one on pre-medics by Dr. F. C. Zapffe, unearthed fertile grounds for future development and study by a committee.

The committee on accrediting reported 104 colleges on the approved list of the college department. In these days of shrunken investments, when houses of Morgan and Kahn are excused from income taxes, it is edifying and highly instructive to reflect on the endowment, never withheld or fluctuating, of contributed religious service in the

above institutions, "a constant stream of lives" to use the words of the late lamented Dean Babcock of the University of Illinois. Each has a president, a dean, and an average of fifteen teachers, contributing their services free to the college, and thereby equivalently endowing it with the interest of a non-fluctuating bond. The average individual equivalent interest or contributed salary would be \$2,000, \$34,000 for the total, \$3,400,000 for 100 colleges, and, if you still follow such high finance, an endowment of \$68,000,000 at five-per-cent interest. If this could be matched dollar for dollar of actual cash endowment, who could set a limit on the good to be accomplished?

But such a dream is harrowed up by nightmare realities. As the Rev. J. W. D. Maguire, C.S.V., president of St. Viator College, pointed out in his instructive paper at last year's convention, Religious Communities in charge of colleges have invested from \$8,000 to \$12,000 in the education of every Religious teacher. The interest alone on this liability is \$400 to \$600 per annum, while to pay off the principal at \$600 per Religious per year takes twenty years of his healthy service. To quote Father Maguire's paper, "considering the hazards of human life, this is a ridiculously low return." In addition, no account is taken of the contribution which Religious institutes make of a large number of their members, fully educated, to the foreign missions. As an illustration, the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus has fifty-eight members in its Patna, India mission, one in Iraq, out of a total membership of 699, one in eleven to twelve. I use this illustration because I have the figures at hand.

Another handicap on the finances of Catholic colleges is the lower tuition charges. Dr. Donald R. Cowling, President of Carlton College, in a painstaking study estimated tuition at \$300 per student. In Catholic institutions the average would be slightly above \$150, a very large deficit by comparison. These deficits, first, in the endowment of Religious' service through the education of their own and second, in tuition fees, could be wiped out by 20,000,000 American Catholics contributing one dollar a year, or two cents a week. This was Father Maguire's suggestion in his 1932 paper. His discussion proved so valuable that he was asked to continue the theme this year. Unfortunately sickness prevented his doing so.

The committee on graduate study is now in its sixth year of very useful activity, functioning under the college department. Some thirty-one of our institutions have felt the necessity of offering graduate work to Catholics

who otherwise would be obliged to seek it at non-Catholic universities. For most of our institutions it was an experiment in a new stratosphere, and there was need of guidance. Fortunately this has been at hand in the committee on graduate study, composed at present of the Rev. A. M. Schwitalla, S.J., St. Louis, Rev. Leonard Carrico, C.S.C., Notre Dame, the Rev. Lawrence Walsh, S.J., Fordham, Dr. Roy Deferrari, the Catholic University, and Dr. Edward Fitzpatrick, Marquette. Father Schwitalla's report this year was most thorough and enlightening and deserved the high praise bestowed on it by the president, Rev. Daniel M. Galliher, O.P. I would urge the careful reading of it in the November *Bulletin* and so I will limit my notice to a few salient points.

In 1933 our institutions conferred the following degrees: Master of Arts, 729; Master of Science, 104; Doctor of Philosophy, 68. The number of our 1933 graduate students was 4,922, of whom 1,442 were full-time and 3,480 part-time students, an increase of 43 per cent in seven years. During the same period the number of instructors increased 27 per cent, despite the fact that the number of our schools conferring graduate degrees decreased as follows: conferring Master of Arts in 1933, twenty-six institutions, a decrease of eleven since 1927; Master of Science, eighteen institutions, a decrease of fourteen since 1927; Doctor of Philosophy, nine institutions, a decrease of ten. An increase however is shown in the two Master's degrees since 1931. In the words of Father Schwitalla: "Suffice it to say that the reduction in the number of institutions conferring the Ph.D. degree gives evidence of a very healthy and significant attitude towards the degree, and probably means a sincere effort at safeguarding academic integrity both among graduate students and in the institutions themselves." Twenty-four of our graduate schools have membership in non-Catholic associations, although only three, the Catholic University, Marquette University, and St. Louis University, have full approval for their graduate schools from the Association of American Universities.

I will relinquish this vital study with the following quotation from Father Schwitalla's paper:

The interest of the seminaries in the matter of graduate study and the growing consciousness of the need of organizing the courses with this in mind has already been commented upon. In all of the larger institutions one cannot fail to note the increasing intensification of serious endeavor to place both the administrative and instructional organization of graduate courses on a sound basis. Evidence of the seriousness with which our institutions are regarding this development may be found in the conservative manner in which new departments are allowed to undertake graduate instruction. It seems quite clear that while our larger graduate schools are pursuing a policy of sound expansion, our smaller ones are apparently progressively restricting their fields of graduate study even though, as is apparent from several letters, the desire to engage in some form of graduate instruction is present in the minds of certain faculty members.

At the Philadelphia meeting of the Association in 1931, a committee was appointed to draw up a syllabus for a six-semester-hour course on "Social Problems in the Light of Christian Principles and the Encyclicals of Popes Pius XI, Benedict XV, Pius X, Leo XIII." Last year

the Committee reported through its secretary, the Rev. Joseph Reiner, S.J., "that the syllabus would be ready for publication shortly and recommended that a copy be sent to all colleges in the Association, that their students be encouraged to take the course, that it be required in fact for the bachelor's degree, that the Committee be continued with a view to improving the syllabus and to furthering its aims in your colleges." Later Father Reiner was happy to announce that "the syllabus had been distributed, that it had been improved and there was good reason to believe that its study would encourage many Catholic students, in the words of Pius XI, to "devote themselves wholly to social reforms."

Publishing the syllabus seems to have achieved, at least to some extent, the purpose of the committee, namely to stimulate the study of social problems from a Catholic point of view. The committee on social studies recommends that it be instructed to have the syllabus published in more permanent form, if this can be done without expense to the Association, and that further efforts be made to have a course similar to that outlined in the syllabus, taught in our colleges as a required subject, and all this in order to comply with the injunctions so frequently emphasized by the Holy Father: "We must train auxiliary soldiers of the Church."

The recommendations were approved by the college department.

At the general assemblies, several speakers, notably Archbishop Murray, Bishop Howard, and Bishop Peterson, dwelt on the crying need of social justice and charity. The same thought found in the general resolutions at the closing of the Convention is too sacred with all Catholics not to be quoted here:

Whereas the nation is now entering upon a social revolution that will profoundly modify the relations of government with industry and introduce into industry standards of morality that are new to it. And whereas Catholics generally under the direction and inspiration of the Holy Father are interested in the evolution of this new era and in particular ardently desire the establishment of industrial peace and prosperity founded upon justice and charity,

Therefore, be it resolved, that the Association as a group of citizens and Catholics, realize its responsibility in the proper and just ordering of society, and that it pledge its constant study and action to the end that this social and economic revolution be conducted with due regard to the rights of all classes of society.

And be it further resolved, that the Association take this occasion to felicitate President Roosevelt upon his constant insistence upon this ideal of social justice and the introduction of morality in industrial relations, and to pledge our earnest efforts in cooperation with him that a return to prosperity be accomplished without a return to the evils that have disgraced our civilization in the past.

For thirty years the National Catholic Education Association has presented a noble cavalcade of sacrifice and of progress, a worthy historical theme for the scholar's book, or for a popular panoramic dramatization. Yet with every good intention to picture all of the important actors in such a cavalcade, there would necessarily arise, due to their self-sacrifice, the impossibility of portraying those who were and are the most potent forces, I mean the conscientious but hidden teachers, whether in grade, secondary, collegiate, university or seminary classes, the unknown soldiers of Catholic education, its foundation and sustaining edifice.

Sociology

A New Deal for Federal Employees

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SHE climbed the stairs to the attic room, and stood in the doorway. The floor was warped, the ceiling low and irregular, and there was but one window. You would not have cared for it, but she loved it because it was hers. Or was hers, until this evening. As she came into the house, the landlady had stopped her to say something about rent overdue, something about a paying guest who wanted the room tomorrow morning. (Of course, she could stay for the night.)

Well, it did not matter much. With the burden her young shoulders were already carrying, nothing mattered. She had come in, knowing that she had no job, and now she had no room. That morning the head of her department had told her how sorry he was, but the Government was obliged to cut expenditures, and her civil-service job at \$1,560 per year had been abolished. Fifteen hundred dollars is quite enough for one, but it is not very much when it must be shared with four others, back home.

She closed the door, snapping the lock, and sat down wearily. It was a pretty room, she had thought, but tonight her head drooped, and she did not even glance at its little ornaments, painfully gathered one by one. The hangings and the curtains which she had made herself, and the pictures, gave it a homelike look: too homelike on those long winter evenings when with imminent peril to the fabric and pattern between her fingers, she would lift her eyes to the pictures, snapshots, mostly, with one or two "enlargements." But now it was her room no longer. She did not know where she could get another. There were only a few nickels and dimes in her pocketbook. She had no job, and no influential friends to help her get one. She had never been taught much, poor child, about our Friend of friends in Heaven. No, nothing mattered now.

She leaned out into the stifling night to close the shutters. She locked the window, and drew the faded shade. She reached up, and fumbled with the gas fixture. But there was no light, only darkness everywhere in the room, and in her heart. If you had paused to listen, you might have heard a sob, a gasp, now and then a moan. But no one heard, for no one stopped to fumble at the door, and call her name. The darkness deepened. Had you entered now, perhaps you could just make out a white figure huddled on the iron cot in the corner of the room. But no one entered. The old clock at St. Aloysius Church tolled midnight, and all over the city the bells in the towers spoke, but she lay there quietly, now, with a letter still clasped in her fingers. She had typed it that afternoon, just before leaving the office. "Dear Mother," she had written, "forgive me and love me, but this is the only way out. I lost my job today, and I tried when I saw this coming, but I cannot get another. I love you always. Good bye."

A pitiful story this, too pitifully common. Or, in the

words of a United Press dispatch from Washington which, possibly, you read on July 1:

With new jobs hard to find, it was a day of stark tragedy for many discharged workers. Several ended their lives after receiving notice of dismissal. [My unnamed girl was one of these.]

Now is this the beginning of the New Deal for Government employees?

If it is, then the National Industrial Recovery Act also will prove to be a cruel, heartless fraud. Personally, I can feel no confidence in the sense of social justice possessed by men who urge all employers to raise the wages of their workers, and in the same breath urge the Government to throw thousands of men and women, civil-service employees, out of work, summarily, and with no pay in lieu of notice. They are simply using fine words, not perhaps with deliberate intent to deceive, but certainly without knowing what the words mean.

President Green, of the American Federation of Labor, put the case plainly when he said that the Government was morally obliged to conform to the spirit of the Act, and so set the example for the country. "For humane as well as for economic reasons," said Mr. Green, quoted in an Associated Press dispatch, "this policy of dismissals by the Government should be immediately abandoned, for it is a great injustice to the Federal employee." L. C. Stewart, president of the National Federation of Federal Employees, asserts that the summary dismissals of thousands of civil-service employees, with the fear of dismissal by the others, "have brought the morale and efficiency of the Federal establishment lower than it has been for a generation." The dismissed employees have not been turned out for fault, but because the Government has ruled that in the interests of economy Federal expenditures must be reduced. That is to say, it is using the very argument which the purpose of the National Industrial Recovery Act forbids the private employer to use when he wishes to cut wages, or to lay off a whole crew without notice.

The Government's claim that the recent dismissals mean economy is wholly false. As Morris Ervin, Washington correspondent for the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, wrote a few weeks ago, it is generally agreed, even by Administration leaders, that by the time the emergency legislation is in operation, the number of sub-administrative and clerical workers on the Government's payroll will not be smaller. It will be larger. That disposes of the economy argument.

The real reason why civil-service employees are being dismissed all over the country, instead of being transferred to other bureaus recently created, or in process of organization, is that room must be made for deserving political workers. George Washington Plunkett, who hated civil service as much as he hated civic honesty, was right when he said that no politician can hold a job long, if he cannot get a job for a friend. Was Congress thinking of Plunkett, when it inserted in its emergency legislation a benign provision which exempts most of the employees to be taken on from the ordeal of any examination of an academic nature?

If there are to be more, or even an almost equal number of employees under this emergency legislation, there is no reason for the order of June 30, dropping the civil-service employees. It would be a simple matter of routine to transfer them gradually from an abolished or reduced bureau to similar work in one of the new bureaus. The civil-service regulations do not, it is true, guarantee permanent tenure of office. However, in view of the special training and the examinations through which the employee has passed, they do guarantee special effort by the Government to keep him employed, on good behavior, and to give him preference over a non-civil-service applicant. This theory of civil service was completely destroyed when Congress exempted a majority of the appointments to be made under the emergency legislation from tests and examinations. The special ground here alleged was that in an emergency the Government cannot wait on an examiner's pleasure.

But no waiting and no new examinations are necessary. If a stenographer or clerk or telephone girl, under civil service, gives satisfaction in, for instance, the Department of Justice, it may safely be assumed that the same employee will give satisfaction in another bureau or department which requires exactly the same work. Why should it be assumed, on the contrary, that a stenographer who has passed no civil-service examination is alone capable of meeting the emergencies of the new legislation?

Only a very naive person will put that question seriously.

On the lists of the civil service commission are the names of thousands of men and women who have served the Government faithfully for years. These workers are now being turned out, on a spurious plea of economy, when they might be assigned to one of the new departments. The commission can also submit the names of thousands who have passed the examinations, and are awaiting appointment. As far as civil service is concerned, they will wait until doomsday. The one fact which stands out like a sore thumb is that the emergency legislation furnishes the politicians with thousands of jobs, to be doled out to individuals who instead of passing nights in technical study, helped to get out the vote at Pea Vine Center, Ark.

That, in my judgment, is the chief reason why the authorities have turned the old employees into the streets, and have declined to hold them for transfer to the new bureaus. It cannot be seriously argued that some imminent disaster forbids us to take an hour or two to consult the civil-service lists. Administrator Hugh Johnson, were the matter brought to his attention, would probably not make a point of preferring a non-civil-service clerk, who is also a political worker, over an experienced civil-service employee, who has always held aloof from politics. But that is what his superiors, or his subordinates, or both, are doing. Only last week, when Mr. Johnson was arguing with stubborn owners in favor of higher wages for textile workers, the Government was arranging to deprive thousands of its own workers of all wages. In the words of Mr. Ervin, it looks very much as though a drive were

being made against civil-service jobs, in the name of economy, to provide non-civil service jobs for hungry hordes of patronage seekers.

If that is true, the work of that great Democrat, Grover Cleveland, who found civil service a neglected ideal and made it a legal fact, has been undone. If it is true, then (and this is of infinitely greater concern to all of us) the lessons of justice and charity which, we had hoped, would be applied to actual conditions by the New Deal, have not been really understood by those in whose name the order of June 30 was issued. It may be a New Deal, but to the civil-service employees, ousted in favor of political aspirants, it was a rankly unfair deal.

With Scrip and Staff

INCREASING explosions, today, made the Pilgrim wonder whether the Anchorite might not also be ready to explode. I touched the fuse of his generous disposition. And here is the result:

This is Independence Day. Except for the fact that the Pilgrim is roaming, that the Anchorite is at home and at work, and that the weather is rather cool for July 4, today is much like every other day of the week. There are two suspicious conditions, however, that this is not as other days. The telephone is preternaturally quiet and the street is diabolically noisy. Every blessing in life is compensated for by a nuisance. On an ordinary day, one's serenity crumbles under the tinkling and the jangling of a telephone aringing; on this extraordinary day, the telephone is as inoffensive as a desk lamp, but one is shocked out of peace and off one's chair by the torpedoes exploding on the road without and one's nerves are wracked by the swish and the flash of fire crackers. There is no noiseless Paradise where there is civilization. There is always the clash between the phrase that "all men are created equal" and that all have "the unalienable right" of "the pursuit of happiness." Equal with the Anchorite are the little brats who are burning up their patrimonies in the pursuit of happiness through the bangs and the booms they are perpetrating. But not equal to them is the Anchorite bouncing on his chair with each explosive blast. His pursuit of happiness must be into a sound-proof closet where there are no telephones on an ordinary day and no fireworks on such a day as this.

SUCH things make up the ironies that make us cynical. Was there ever a day without its firecracker? or ever a plan without a joker? or ever a declaration of independence without a quarrel? or ever a principle not punctured by an objection? Life is a conflict and a contradiction. It is so repetitious. It travels in circles, like the world. The earth is a circle, and whirls about in a circle, and all the men on it are continually circling. Progress means nothing more than fixing a new point on the circle and abandoning that point for another point

until one returns to the first point. It used to be that men were governed despotically; then that system was cast out as a failure. Came 1776 with a brand new idea in America; "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." That was revolutionary and original. It was something new; then it began to grow stale and old fashioned. Progress was made along the circle, and by 1933 we were back in the days of despotism. The big news story of July 4, 1776 is an eleventh-page space-filler on July 4, 1933. The first-page first-column news of this morning reads: "especially the aim of the Nazis to concentrate all power in their hands to the exclusion of all other political parties." Column four of the first page reads: "Bolshevist discipline has taught them the impropriety of expressing opinions before the official attitude has been made known." The present trend of the world is away from the democracy of 1776. The Russians of the Soviets have cut the theory to pieces. The Germans of the Nazis have been striving to smash it. The Italians of the Fascists have paralyzed it. The Cortes of the Spaniards are attempting to strangle it. Calles in Mexico riddles it with bullets. And in the land of the brave and the home of the free? We hold our peace and rejoice in the new deal and build rosy hopes that we may some day return to unalloyed democracy after our wise and amiable dictatorship has freed us from the dangers that beset us.

WHATEVER else has gone, we still respect the star-spangled banner. In every small town of the country and in the smaller of the larger cities, the flags are gaily flying. In the largest of the cities, individual patriotism does not find its expression much in flag showing. Even the civic dictators of democracy forget the flag after the oratory has swollen in the breezes. This, after the United States Flag Association had issued such stringent rules about the rise and the fall of the emblem, up before sunrise and down before sunset. The Anchoret happened to take a walk after sunset on July 4. Fireworks punctuated the sky and there, too, in the night's mellow blue, proudly fluttered the thirteen flags over the Tammany wigwam. They must have been seen by the dawn's early light. "Indignant citizens battered the hall door in vain. There was no response." The flags, like so many free and independent citizens, like the keepers of wigwam, like the indignant citizens who battered the doors, but not like the Anchoret, were out all night, contrary to the instructions of the United States Flag Association.

IT is still Independence Day, but later. The fireworks I have moved from the street across the river to an amusement park. Distance lends them enchantment. Now normality reigns, and a shot in the street could be inter-

preted not as a boy's toy torpedo but as a murder. The Anchoret has reached the last page of the newspaper of July 4. There is the United States Flag Association again. Down in Washington, after having straightened out the rules for flag waving, it began on this day a campaign in the offensive against crime and racketeering. "A declaration of freedom from crime will be promulgated throughout the country by speakers representing the association, and the declaration subsequently will be distributed in printed form." The campaign is to be directed to the eradication of the 400,000 persons "engaged in crime in the United States." The association will follow the two inept methods followed by all public bodies of the uplift kind. They "will attempt to arouse public opinion to eradicate criminals and racketeers." And they "will endeavor, through education of school children, to build up an attitude of mind tending toward the eradication of lawlessness." They do not contemplate the pursuit of the two most effective methods: the democratic election of judges who will pass sentence on criminals and the appointment of police officials who will make life rocky for "those engaged in crime." "We ought to assassinate the gunmen," says a friend of the Anchoret. He is a cop, red haired, white complexioned, and blue coated. He is willing to fire the first shot for freedom.

Thus the Anchoret. But my heart yearns for those ineffable nights when your rocket flew up with its s-w-i-s-h, and you held your breath before the shower of beautiful stars. Next Fourth will surely see me a-fire-working.

THE PILGRIM.

CONSUMMATION

The morning light, still pale,
Streams softly in.
Falls gently on the stall
Of Sister Lilies,
Makes luminous the somber Latin
Of the missal's page.
The slender, golden note
Breaks out upon the air.
Sister Inviolata sounds the bell
And at its fall, the priest's voice:
Domine, non sum dignus,
And again, the syllables that heal.
The nuns draw softly to the altar rail,
And He is raised in fingers consecrate.
Ecce Agnus Dei.
Blinded, she drops her head.
The ministering words draw near.
Corpus Domini nostri
She bends her mind
To say them with her heart.
The union now is consummate indeed.
All love, all understanding,
All, is compassed in the Two,
The Holy One and her,
Within a golden light where still she kneels,
Pledging Their timeless, strange fidelity,
Creator, creature,
Folded close in one,
As the slim shaft
Slopes gently ever farther
Down the stall.

ALICE E. CLEAR.

Literature**The Catholic as Novelist****II****The Search for a Motive**

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

THE real problem of the Catholic as novelist will never be solved by the careful examinations of causes and means. It is hard to imagine anyone seriously maintaining that the novel is a useless form or that Catholic writers, in so far as they are intellectually and spiritually Catholic, are incapable of fiction. The reason for our jejune, deduced fiction lies not so much in the writer as it does in the writing tradition, and not so much in the writing tradition as it does in the whole intellectual policy and moral temper of American Catholics. The evil is to be found in the flatness of the atmosphere, in the supine indifference of Catholics to the practical as well as to the artistic achievements of Christian culture.

Above all things the novel requires a contemporary prototype, something here and now demanding representation. Stories designed to illustrate and adorn theories are born dead or eke out a tedious life among people who do not know when they are being bored. The novel is the utterance of a corporate mind inspired toward a certain kind of action by passionate conviction. It is a significant record educed from human experience. And it is precisely because the Catholic writer can perceive no actual synthesis as a pattern to reproduce, no specifically Catholic and contemporary American experience, that the Catholic novel remains unwritten.

The problem would be materially different if the Catholic writer could subscribe to the cult of the individualist. But he cannot, like many of his brethren, fatten on decay and multiply by corruption. Not for him the articulate degeneration of William Faulkner or the cultivated immorality of Conrad Aiken. Writing material for the sensualist and the sadist is almost always sin for the man whose heart echoes the everlasting yea. The terrifying detonations which almost daily mark the smash of another Tower of Babel represents less an event to be chronicled than a judgment to be mourned. Individualism, unless it is the rare and exalted effort of the real mystic, necessarily opposes the philosophy of social solidarity and the hierarchic universe which are the distinctive marks of a Catholic culture. More than an impossible literary convention, individualism is an impossible spiritual experience.

The Catholic is the sole unequivocal fraternalist in a world which shuns fraternity. He is placed in the agonizing position of viewing every man as his brother and of sensing that all his brothers are turned against him. And because he feels the hostility of the civilization which excludes him, because he must be, if he remains true to his conscience, the offensive friend, because he is compelled to assert the embarrassing truth, his own small voice perishes in fear and he is, in America, completely silent.

This intangible moral atmosphere has produced a condi-

tion which, although it may be overcome, is genuinely poisonous. It has in effect made the Catholic writer a literary outlaw, living precariously in bush magazines. It has resulted moreover in the outlaw's mentality, in the feeling of inferiority and detachment in men who cannot participate, as they should legitimately, in the intellectual life of their fellows. Courage is not wanting, but courage alone is not sufficient. The novelist hesitates not because he questions the truth of his principles, not because he is pessimistic but because he fears that the particular story he writes is fatefully destined to be unread. He will not raise a glorious banner to have it disgraced by an absent army. He will not revolt so long as he is the sole revolutionary, he will not pioneer if there is no one to follow him. He is in other words condemned to a perpetual skirmish when he requires the support of a unified campaign. Rich in thoughts coined in a different realm, he is in America spiritually homeless.

What the Catholic novelist needs is the encouragement of followers, the consciousness that kindred spirits are working side by side in politics, economics and religion. It is the partial failure of corporate Catholic life to express itself in an active and distinctive program, the failure of the members to operate as mystical parts, that unnerves the artist. For unless his thoughts are presently realized he hesitates to represent them as true in the novel. The writer who aspires to be more than the teller of tales wishes to express the intuitions of Christianity as a unit without being forced to undertake the duties of the prophet and the teacher. His function is to record the impressions of the body, to give them utterance and direction.

If this is ever to be done, American Catholicism must first of all awake to a newer and more abundant life. As it is today, the Catholic novelist is attempting to trace cultural outlines which have in many cases melted into the chaos of secularism. He is compelled both to imagine and to reproduce his model with only his lyric impulses to lead him aright, to fill in huge gaps with the putty of invention. And since he cannot, like the poets and artisans of the ages of faith, copy the civilization in which he lives, the novelist has nothing to say unless he takes refuge in history and romance. An elaborate paralyzing caution prompts him to avoid the contemporary theme, largely because modernism and realism have not been absorbed and purified by Catholicism. He waits therefore upon the formulation of a Catholic policy in politics and economics, like the policies of Dawson and Belloc and the traditional platforms of the Center party in Germany. Policies are not infallible; indeed they are frequently foolish. But policies crystallize thought and lead to definite action rather than to the pointless iteration of eminently sane principles.

More than this the Catholic novelist needs a literary program. If Catholic literature is to be more than the sum total of literature written by Catholics, if its methods are to go beyond fruitless trial and error, if it is an essentially distinctive art, it requires definition and explanation. Its particular ends, its range and experiment must be

determined and its methods suggested either by criticism or by imitable genius before the barren fields yield fruit. Catholic art must add to an attitude shaped by a timeless philosophy and a tone determined by an ancient culture the tempo and rhythm of a new age. And precisely because Christian art is the expression of a certain attitude and of a certain tone we cannot expect it to spring full panoplied from the head of the artist. Galsworthy and Wells may seize the day, but the Catholic novelist must discover the day's fixed place in an eternal moment.

Hitherto, every Catholic writer has been forced to acquire painfully experiences which a writing tradition might easily provide. Save in some of the novels of Sigrid Undset, who is considerably removed from the American mind, things have not been said in a Catholic way. The avoidance of the purely superficial incident, the Mary-goes-to-benediction motif, depends very largely upon the exploitation of the dramatic possibilities of Catholics involved in present day moral problems. These possibilities have been consistently sidetracked. We may be sure that it will never occur to the average Catholic that the actual conflict of faith and the world may be narrowed down to ordinary, even routine actions in which Mary Smith deliberately bangs the typewriter to express her truly Christian indignation. It will never occur to the honorable contributor to the coal fund that the first great Catholic novel might be written around a politician with noble aspirations. I do not mean to suggest any particular theme. I merely wish to point out that if the novelist is ever to speak his mind honestly, freely and effectively in a criticism of life which will embody Catholic principles, he must have, in the absence of a tradition, some plan to follow, some program which will rescue him from the bog of generalization. The novel is best rooted in a particular scene, and the novelist is most effective when he sees the end of the road.

The critics and philosophers who cleared the ground for the success of the middle-western school of fiction did not have to calculate their advice in terms of a world order. A comparatively simple agricultural formula was sufficient to provide the incentive for O. E. Rolvaag, Willa Cather, Garland and the lesser spirits who joined the procession. So too it is relatively easy for Mr. Edmund Wilson to indite the literary creed of Marxianism, because the proletarian novel is at once a happy combination of theory and practice. But the Catholic and the humanist cannot be satisfied with a purely natural task. They must deal with tremendously important and universally avoided truths in the same profane language of the market-place. They must meet the enormous difficulty of providing a practical substitute for the anarchic tradition of the modernists. The Catholic, in other words, after the necessary psychological readjustment of his spiritual temper, is also compelled to jettison his academic inhibitions.

The essential weakness of traditionalist literary criticism rests in its destructive and exclusively analytic policy. The traditionalist is always the judge, never the contestant, the appreciator, never the appreciated. The utter

annihilation of Victorian pessimism by Paul Elmer More, the depreciation of Rousseau by Maritain and Babbitt are permeated with a defensive spirit. And while it is very commendable to resurrect Plato and Aristotle and to cast the Middle Ages in the teeth of the profane, the mark of a live culture is the making of things in the image of beauty, and the absolutely only way of destroying the prestige of bad books is by the continuous writing of good ones. And the only way the good book can be written in a country which has lost the tradition of literary sanity must be through a synthetic literary criticism.

This requires laborious effort and tremendous perseverance. Catholics must be prepared to absent themselves from the felicity of hunting heresy long enough to build the roads and bridges of a constructive literary policy. The new humanism is now dead, not because it did not command respect, but because it did not foster a single creative fiction. And unless we are willing to admit the outrageous proposition that traditional thought can produce no motive for the expression of the comedy and tragedy of life, we must be prepared to reassert the subtle pleasures of intelligence and order.

I rather believe that the time is not far distant when Catholic novelists will discredit the scarlet jacket and the crimson blurb, when the heroic novel will mirror the heroic life. But this event depends very largely upon the formulation of a creed and the definition of a purpose. Only a healthy integralism can afford the luxury of mistakes; a constant policy perpetuated by a genuine culture alone can provide the motive for the men who have remained silent for so long a time. If in this age of bitter indecision even the will to destruction attracts many men with its unhappy decisiveness, if men can act upon the grossest impulses, what cannot be accomplished by the Catholic novelist when sanity records, with the artful tear and the artful smile, the sublime history of human dignity?

REVIEWS

The German Phoenix: The Story of The Republic. By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

The strength of this book is in those parts that are lined and ribbed with the steel of luminous exposition and argumentation; its weakness, in its lack of constructive analysis, its sentimentality and bewilderment. The reason for this is that in every case the author permits his feelings to lead the way. Thus the logic of his mind has play when truth happens to be the content of his thought; at other times he is specious, hysterical, irrational. His pet dislikes are monarchy, the Junker group, and the framers of the Treaty of Versailles. They are very bad, and everything they did was wrong. His strongest leanings are toward the followers of Ferdinand Lassalle, Friedrich Ebert, and the Social Democrats to whom he assigns entire credit for the establishment of the Republic. His first two chapters are devoted to eulogizing their faults and virtues in fervid, feverish periods after the manner of Carlyle. The two chapters devoted to a refutation of the assertions that Germany is now a military menace and that she was not honest in her efforts to fulfil the reparations demanded by the Big Four are masterly examples of cogent assembling of facts. The remainder of the book is largely a lament of dirge proportions on the failure of the peoples of Germany and of the world to appreciate and worship the Social Democrats. For other events and personages the author's feelings lead him to blow

both hot and cold and as a result there is a strange and unassimilated medley of appreciation and revulsion toward Russian Communism, German Catholic Action, and Hitler's leadership, all of which is very unsatisfactory and misleading. Besides his partisan unfairness to the Catholic Church and its German leaders, the chief defect which disqualifies this book from being anything like an authoritative utterance is his bold and utterly self-contradictory defense of abortion, divorce, "trial marriage," and the "new feminism." Yet in his final chapter he feels called upon to say that the German press is as a whole "clean and decent in its news columns." The contributing editor of the *Nation* might have written a splendid résumé of Germany since the War if his pride and prejudice had not prevented him from imbibing honesty and straightforward speech from the masterly Encyclicals of Pius, "Casti Connubii," "Quadragesimo Anno," and "Caritate Christi Compulsi."

W. J. F.

Labor Problems. By FRANK TRACY CARLTON, Ph. D., L.L.D. New York: D. C. Heath and Company. \$3.00.

The Professor of Economics in the Case School of Applied Sciences has given us one of the best books for the classroom on the labor problems that has passed through the reviewer's hands in some time. The book is very comprehensive. In a limited number of pages the author treats every phase of this question with becoming clarity and brevity, and always states facts and figures to support his teaching. The book is objective in presentation, giving both sides of mooted questions. The author is a good teacher. Unlike other writers on the labor question he did not freight his pages with numerous unnecessary examples and details of industrial organizations which rather obscure the principles than clarify them. In two chapters he very properly develops the "human element" in labor conditions. Some adverse criticism, however, is in place. Dr. Carlton thinks that gigantic mergers are here to stay. Our present depression and the way out point in another direction, namely that of smaller units. Then, Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI and the head of the A. F. L. are in substantial agreement in regard to the concept of a fair wage. Hence, it is not "yet very elusive and indefinite," as the author thinks. Its local monetary equivalent may be fairly well established. The author gives us a good and succinct historical background of the labor movement, but he does scant justice to the medieval guilds and particularly to the religious element that pervaded them and made them what they were. A still greater division of paragraphs and the use of special type would bring out the leading ideas therein and make the book serve better as a text for the classroom.

P. H. B.

The Way of Escape. By SIR PHILIP GIBBS. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$3.00.

Here is a book of 300 pages which discusses in interesting chapters what learned economists gravely expound in the phraseology of the "dismal science." Sir Philip calls his book a "Challenge to the New Generation," and if it is accepted we may well hope for a saner world. Gloom is the atmosphere of the first hundred pages, for the havoc of the World War is retold, the next war is envisaged, and revolution is everywhere imminent. With interesting fact and telling anecdote, the folly of the Peace Treaty, the gouging of Germany, and the impotence of the League of Nations are given as the causes of European chaos and the remote factors of America's economic catastrophe. Here is a sorry picture of human stupidity and nationalistic greed, and with Sir Philip it is to be hoped that the new generation will avoid its repetition of millions of men without work and wages and often without food and shelter. The author points the way out in international affairs by an application of Christian principles and morals, and in the fields of industry and commerce the solutions suggested are those of Leo XIII. Christianity and Leo XIII, however, are not mentioned, but the Gibbs' formulae are without doubt flowers sprung from Christian seeds. The author's appeal to

youth is in terms of intelligence and character; courage and sympathy, which upon analysis are the logical conduct of sound ethics and ideals. The last two chapters, "Society and the Individual," and "The Eternal Quest," are strong in their spiritual appeal and at times sound like thunderings from a Christian pulpit. Socrates and Plato are mentioned, faith in some God recommended; the quest for the Holy Grail is renewed, and Christian ideals are approved, but alas, the name of Christ and His Church are conspicuous by their absence.

F. S.

St. Ignatius and the Ratio Studiorum. Edited by EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company.

Through the din and pandemonium of educational reforms with all their fads and fancies, it is soothing to hear the clear, sane voice of an educational system built on a sound philosophy of education which envisaged all the natural and supernatural relations whereby man is great and small, master and servant, in this complex cosmos which he uses as a stepping stone to a higher destiny. Dr. Fitzpatrick has done a valuable and timely service to the cause of higher education by making available to the public the original sources from which the Jesuits draw their inspiration and guidance in building up a type of education which by the standards of culture and character has not been surpassed by any of the modern inventions. His own introductory essay, "St. Ignatius and Education," is illuminating, and furnishes a key to the understanding of the documents which have been translated excellently by Mary Helen Mayer and A. R. Ball. The fourth chapter of the Constitutions, which is devoted to Jesuit studies, and the whole of the original *Ratio Studiorum* of 1599 are presented with discriminating explanations. An analytic outline of the Spiritual Exercises of the Saint is added to show how its principles, which were the foundation of the Constitutions of the Society, were also the well-spring of the forces that determined the Jesuit method of education in that broad sense whereby a man is fashioned by intellectual pursuits and moral discipline into a complete, wholesome, Christian gentleman. The volume is well printed and bound, and belongs to the McGraw-Hill Education Classics.

F. D. S.

Emilie d'Oultremont Baroness d'Hooghvorst, Foundress of the Society of Mary Reparatrix and Her Two Daughters. Detroit: Convent of Mary Reparatrix, \$2.25.

No author is given for this new life of the foundress of the contemplative Society of Mary Reparatrix, but evidently is by a member of the English Community. We are assured that, although it is largely based on the French life by Père Suau, S.J., additional material, from hitherto unpublished sources, makes it a specially interesting life story, for English readers, of the Baroness d'Hooghvorst, who, as Mother Mary of Jesus, founded in spite of discouraging obstacles a Religious institute to offer reparation for the sins of the world and vicarious satisfaction for the shortcomings of men. She was a member of a distinguished Belgian family, married, and was the mother of four children. The death of her husband enabled her to carry out the desire to leave the world for a religious life and she had the happiness, not only of seeing her Society of the Reparatrix successfully established, but of having her two daughters become members of it. Since its founding in 1857 the Society has extended its work in houses established in France, Ireland, England, Mexico, Africa, and the Holy Land. There are two in the United States, New York and Detroit. The New York foundation has been specially successful in combining the active with the contemplative objective, and so engaging in giving religious instruction to children, social welfare care for young girls, and widely fruitful work for the local Spanish colony.

T. F. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Spiritual Reading.—Rev. John A. Elbert, S.M., in "Eternal Testament" (Bruce. \$1.00), achieves an excellent combination of compressed clarity and fulness of thought and expression. It is

an exposition only of the sound theological teaching of the Church on the Blessed Sacrament; yet each carefully ordered paragraph suggests the rich depths of further meaning and devotion that lie in that doctrine, without going to curious speculation or merely fanciful devotions. The author places the Blessed Sacrament in its true place as the center of the Catholic life, and builds his book from this central foundation. Clarity is the prime virtue of the work, but the reader will gratefully realize, as he begins the book, that the author is the skilful master of a true literary style, with vivid and suggestive diction, and an arresting force in his language.

Most English readers are familiar with the name of Father Louis de Ponte, S.J., from his meditations, for these were translated in 1605 and have passed through many editions. But his greatest work "Guia Espiritual" is now for the first time done into English, the First Treatise being presented under the title "Of Familiar Intercourse With God in Prayer" (Benziger, \$2.25). A Religious of the Order of St. Benedict is the translator and the task has been done well. This greatest work of one who has been recognized as a competent master and safe guide needs no belated recommendation. Archbishop Goodier pithily states in his Introduction: "In some sense it might be said that what St. Thomas Aquinas was to dogmatic theology, that De Ponte was to mystical teaching, and what the 'Summa Theologica' did for Scholasticism that the 'Spiritual Guide' has done for mysticism."

Another devotional work of Dr. Fulton Sheen is the "The Way of the Cross" (Century, 90 cents) in which the author presents short meditations and a prayer for each station. As one would expect from this rich and facile writer, striking thoughts expressed in an unusual but very human way arouse one's interest and inflame devotion. The manual is small and neatly bound.

Glimpses.—Grosset and Dunlap have added two interesting numbers to their "Minute" series, and both should serve a very good purpose. "Minute Stories of the Opera" (\$1.00) by Paul Grabbe and Paul Nordoff, with impressionistic illustrations by Richard Jones, leads one through an exhibit of the best in opera, giving in brief the story of the composer and the tale of the masterpieces, in a style that carries something of the atmosphere and the mood which make the old favorites forever enchanting. Every home will desire to have at hand such a concise reference book for the pleasure and culture of knowing more about the operas that are bringing their delight to millions through the magic radio. "Minute Glimpses of American Cities" (\$1.00), by Herbert S. Kates, presents a panorama of our leading cities which should help satisfy our national pride. On one page the story of each metropolis is told in a most concise style but with a surprisingly comprehensive review of the history and progress and important features, while opposite the description a full-page crayon illustration preserves some landmark characteristic of the city's individuality. Both books are splendidly printed and bound, and would be a valuable addition to home and school libraries.

Musical.—The modern symphony program includes the works of at least three composers, and often several numbers from each. Supposing the musical background, very few people have the leisure to study the history and score of each number sufficiently well to insure an intelligent hearing. To such as these, "Symphonic Broadcasts" (Dial, \$2.50), by Olin Downes, will prove a great assistance. This book is an amplification of talks given over the radio in connection with performances of Toscanini's Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. A hundred and fifty standard orchestral pieces have been explained. The language, though permissible for broadcasting, is slightly undignified in print. Much help, however, can be gained from the book previous to an attendance at a concert, or at any time when ready information is needed.

The reputation of Noble Cain as director of the A Capella Chorus of Chicago is so distinguished that anything he says on

the subject of music deserves a hearing. His latest book, "Choral Music and Its Practice" (Witmark, \$2.00), deals with every phase of group vocal instruction. He has indicated not merely *how* to sing and *what* to sing, but *when* to sing and how the singers can best be placed on the stage. The physical and the psychic conditions that tend to produce either failure or success have been duly noted. Valuable suggestions have been given concerning room, robes, corrections, and maintenance of discipline. This book will well repay a careful reading by all who conduct choirs or vocal classes.

"The Music Hour," Catholic Edition (Silver, Burdett), a six-book series for kindergarten and grades, edited by the Most Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D., Dom Gregory Heugle, O.S.B., and Sister Alice Marie, O.S.U., conforms in every way to Catholic educational ideals. It is a most valuable music text to place in the hands of our Catholic children. The Gregorian Chant, being introduced to the child at an early age and continued through the years, will fit the coming generation to lead the way in the great liturgical revival.

In Lighter Vein.—There is one "bonus" that every member of the A. E. F. can have without interference, and that is cash-payment-in-laughs from the inimitable mementoes of the War preserved in Wally's cartoons. Abian A. Wallgren has collected his famous drawings that made the *Stars and Stripes* the tonic of the army in the trenches in "The A. E. F. in Cartoon" (Dan Sowers and Company, Philadelphia, \$1.50) and it is only necessary to say that they are wonderfully printed and attractively bound. The introductions by Woolcott and Winterlich who tell how they came to be the "stars" in the rogues' gallery are as humorous as the drawings.

In "Who's Hooey" (Dutton, \$1.00), Arthur Zipser and George Novack have done for people who ought to know better what the "boner" books have been doing for the collegiate. Clever annotations and the caricatures by Rainey Bennett set off the "nit-witticisms" of various pundits, some of whom, like Brisbane, are rather too easy game to make fair sport.

"Ellen of the Plains Country" (Benziger, \$1.25), by Stephen M. Johnston, is a series of short stories describing the adventures and the experiences of a small Catholic girl in the backward, poverty-stricken part of the Far West. Running, as an undercurrent through them, is the efforts of priest and Sister to spread the Faith, and to strengthen it where endangered by the hard conditions of life in an inhospitable country. These are simple and unadorned tales, suitable for children of ten or eleven years.

"Joe McGuire, Freshman" (Bruce, \$1.25), by William M. Lamers narrates the usual adventures of a high-school football star who comes to college. The unusual feature of the story is that Joe McGuire does not immediately go out and make the varsity. But the needs of dear old Drexel prevail and Joe, etc.

Amusements.—There are seventy-five variations in "Two-Pack Games of Solitaire" (Duffield and Green, \$1.50), which George A. Bonaventure has compiled, invented, and otherwise brought together for the delectation of solitaire fans and the obfuscation of those who look upon this as a pastime for the psychopathic. This is a book that can be easily understood, for the author has a genius for simplification of language and direction. Every game is illustrated, and the explanatory text is reduced to a minimum of words, so that it is well-nigh impossible not to understand.

Quite a number of books and puzzles have been written to help while away the time for the sick and the shut-ins. Some are good, and some are indifferent, and some are rotten. "Who's This?" (Century) belongs to the first group. Frank P. Foster II has compiled 150 short sketches of great men without telling their names, and the game is in guessing "who's this." It is simple and not too hard, and worth recommending to many classes of people.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Clean up the Movies

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I heartily agree with the editorial in your current issue which points out the need of organizing Catholic opinion against the dangers revealed in the investigation of the Motion Pictures.

Why not attempt to do something at once?

Unless and until another more practical method is under way, the program might be for every Catholic weekly to invite its readers to send in for publication the names of all persons willing to make one or all of the following promises:

1. To attend willingly no indecent or sex-laden picture.
2. To send a card of protest at least once a week to some theater producing objectionable pictures.
3. To persuade other persons to take up this activity.

New York.

JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I wish that I could feel as sanguine as you do that there is any probability of united Catholic action against a great evil, as expressed in your editorial of June 24, "Clean Up the Movies!" I am also one of those who see in the movies, as in the press, both largely controlled by un-Christian forces, one of the twin levers that will eventually pull our civilization out of gear. In my mind, there is little hope of averting such a disaster. Consider the reaction to your campaign against "The Sign of the Cross!" In Louisiana, according to the *Southwest Courier*, some fifty priests were present at a preview of that film and found no fault with it. It would be interesting to be told how you are going to get united action in a field where there is so wide a divergence as to what constitutes immorality.

San Antonio, Tex.

JULIAN ARNAUD.

Junipero Serra's Deathplace

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As a Californian and an ardent admirer of Junipero Serra, I was rather interested in Leonora Raines' article "The Lost Village of Petra," which appeared in the issue of AMERICA for June 24. There are two statements in the article which I believe stand in need of correction. We are told that Padre Serra "died in San Francisco." Historical records show that Padre Serra died on August 28, 1784, at the Mission San Carlos de Borromeo, Carmel, Cal. In speaking of the remains of Padre Serra, the following statement is made: "to let the ashes rest in Montserrat where the priest fell, in the land he loved so well." It is an almost universally accepted fact that the body of Junipero Serra lies buried within the sanctuary of the old Mission Church in Carmel, Cal. This fact was proven on July 3, 1882, at which time his body was exhumed and identified.

Monterey, Cal.

HENRY J. LUND, M.D.

"Farewell to Gold"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Responding to your implied invitation in the last paragraph of the editorial "Farewell to Gold" in the issue of AMERICA for June 17, I feel impelled to essay answers to the questions propounded to "those of our readers who can furnish us with a satisfactory answer." The assumption that the answers will be "satisfactory" is based on a considerable study of many treatises on money and economics which are of recent publication.

To the question "Is the change from 'gold' to 'legal tender' an essential change?" the answer would seem to be that "gold,"

as specified for a consideration in a contract, is a money of "legal tender"; that the essential matter of the contract is the agreement to exchange one kind of goods for other goods of at least equal value; that the "other goods" may be represented by a medium of exchange ("gold" or other money of "legal tender"); so that a "change" from "gold" to "legal tender" is not a change of an essential element in the contract.

Taking this view of "gold" as the representative of "other goods," the answer to the question "Does the abandonment of the gold standard free the debtor from the obligation to pay in gold, or merely suspend it?" would be that the obligation "to pay in gold" is really an obligation to pay in such a manner as would provide goods in exchange as well as "gold" would do it; and, since "gold" is not *per se* the only or best medium of exchange, then there is no question of freeing the debtor from, or merely suspending, his obligation to pay the consideration essential to the contract.

Following the same kind of thought, the answer to the question "Is the change equivalent to repudiation of a just debt, or to a composition which is not at variance with commutative justice?" would be, to the first part, no; to the second part (eschewing a resistance to the word *composition*) the answer would be that there would be nothing "at variance with commutative justice."

Boston.

JOHN A. BREEN.

The Anglican Schism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In reply to the communication of F. J. Z. in the issue of AMERICA for July 8:

1. Most "writers of Protestantizing textbooks" are not loath to contriving some sort of connection between Anglicanism and Henry VIII, although he burned Protestants alive at the stake as heretics for denying any one or more of at least six Articles of Catholic teaching;

2. Henry VIII did not found any church. By parliamentary legislation he forced the two Catholic Provinces of Canterbury and York into a condition of schism;

3. With the exception of those ordained according to the invalid Edwardine Ordinal, the so-called church of Henry VIII was reconciled and reunited to Rome by Cardinal Pole in 1554. Therefore, Henry VIII could not have founded a church, since it could never have been reunited to Rome: alternately, if he did found a church, it came to an end when Cardinal Pole absolved England from schism and reunited Church and nation to the Roman See;

4. Elizabeth could not have re-established the so-called church of Henry VIII, because it had ceased to exist. What she did was to foist on two bishopless Catholic provinces an episcopate of her own devising and without valid orders. The difference between the church of Henry VIII and the Anglican Church of Elizabeth, is that the former was capable of being reunited to the Apostolic See to which it was once attached, whilst the latter, not being a schism but a sect, was therefore incapable of reunion with the Roman See. It is, of course, true that Henry VIII caused himself to be made Supreme Head of the Church—in his own dominions. It remains yet to be discovered whether he aspired to become Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church.

New York.

H. C. WATTS.

An O'Neill Revision

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Katherine Brégy in her essay on Eugene O'Neill [AMERICA, June 17] points out that "Anna Christie" is one of the few O'Neill plays that end on a note of possible hope. You might tell Miss Brégy that originally the play didn't end so. Anna in the original try-out leapt off the barge and drowned herself, leaving the men behind her to howl. The play was then called "Chris" and failed. The manager, I fancy, suggested the present happy ending, and O'Neill had sense enough to agree to it.

Orrtanna, Pa.

WILL W. WHALEN.

Chronicle

Home News.—The National Industrial Recovery Administration completed the public hearings on the fair-competition code for the cotton industry on June 29. On the following day, the cotton-textile operators voluntarily offered to establish a higher minimum wage than first proposed, offering \$12 in the South and \$13 in the North for a forty-hour week. It was estimated that the code, when in force, would enable employment of 500,000 more people, or 100,000 more in the cotton mills than in 1929. General Johnson and his aids were endeavoring to compose the differences that had arisen in regard to labor, hours of work, and minimum pay. Anticipating approval of the code by the President, cotton-textile manufacturers began plans for putting it into operation on July 17. On July 3 General Johnson was reported considering automatic control of commodity prices as a solution of the price-fixing problem. The plan would involve establishment of an open-price association to announce and publish from time to time each industry's sales and the average prices. On July 4 General Johnson asked the States to cooperate by modifying their anti-trust statutes and by making intra-State-commerce legislation conform to the national plan. State laws were pending in California and Ohio, and one had been passed by the Assembly in Wisconsin.

President Roosevelt returned from his vacation cruise on July 4. On the 5th he issued an executive order continuing the fifteen-per-cent pay cut for Federal employees, in accordance with his authority to do so if justified by living costs. His order stated that the living-cost index for the first six months of this year was 130.2, as compared with 171 for the base period, the six months ended June 30, 1928. After a meeting between the President and Secretaries Roper and Ickes, it was announced that public-works projects were to be pushed forward with all possible speed, notwithstanding the current betterment of business. On June 29, the Secretary of the Navy announced a new naval policy which would develop the Navy to a maximum in battle strength and ability to control the sea in defense of the nation and its interests, and to further the development of two main home bases on each coast. On July 5, he stated he planned to ask the President to allocate from the \$3,300,000,000 authorized for emergency public works \$77,000,000 to modernize the battleships and all other units of the United States fleet. On July 2, Jesse H. Jones, chairman of the R. F. C., said that the directors of the Corporation, with the approval of President Roosevelt and Secretary of the Treasury Woodin, had authorized loans of about \$4,000,000 to finance the sale of 60,000 to 80,000 bales of cotton for shipment to Russia. The loans will be for one year, with interest at five per cent, and will be secured by notes of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, unconditionally guaranteed by the State Bank of the U. S. S. R. A thirty-per-cent payment on shipment is required.

Showdown at World Economic Conference.—All other issues at the London Conference were overshadowed by the clash between President Roosevelt and the representatives of the European gold bloc countries. The latter, led by Georges Bonnet, French Finance Minister, informed the British that the continuance of the conference depended upon Washington's decision regarding outright pegging or, at least, a rigorous steadying of the exchanges. This insistence on the monetary phase of the problem impressed President Roosevelt not only as a diversion from the larger purposes for which the conference had been summoned but also as a step likely to impede the price-raising program which had been inaugurated within the United States. Instead of artificial and temporary experimentation with a pegged exchange rate the President favored immediate measures to restore world trade with a view to long-range stabilization, a stabilization which would "plan national currencies with the objective of giving to those currencies a continuing purchasing power" which would not vary greatly in terms of commodities and services. Reduced cost of government, adequate government income, and ability to service government debts were cited as important milestones on the road to ultimate economic and monetary stability. At the same time representatives of France, Holland, Italy, Poland, Switzerland, and Belgium signed a declaration, confirming "their formal will to maintain the free functioning of the gold standard in their respective countries at the present gold parities and within the framework of existing monetary laws," and asking "their central banks to remain in close contact in order to give to this declaration the maximum effect."

It was evident that the main preoccupation of the gold-bloc countries was with the activities of the gamblers in foreign exchange, whereas the Americans were concentrated on the success of their program of national recovery and were determined to take no international action that might influence adversely the upward trend of prices and business in the United States. Although on July 4 President Roosevelt cabled to Secretary Hull instructing the American delegates to do everything in their power to prevent adjournment until important items on the agenda had been considered, it was thought that the divergence of views on currency stabilization had sounded the death knell of the conference. Face to face with the threat of a recess until October, the American administration on July 5 continued to insist on permanent currency stabilization, not on the basis of international gold exchange, but on the basis of commodity price levels in all countries. Pointed reference was likewise made to the sympathetic understanding evinced in the United States when other great nations of the world had seen fit to depart from the gold standard and the right was claimed, in the words of the British statement on the same subject, to choose "the time and the parity" of the dollar's revaluation.

Soviet Gets Loans, Pacts.—Unmixed satisfaction was felt in Moscow upon news that the United States Recon-

struction Finance Corporation was to finance cotton exports to the Soviet Union. Credits were established up to \$4,000,000, while the terms required a cash payment of thirty per cent and the remainder in twelve months. Although the loan was to be secured by notes of the Amtorg Trading Corporation and unconditionally guaranteed by the State Bank of the U. S. S. R., Jesse H. Jones, chairman of the R. F. C., refused to concede that the transaction was equivalent to a loan to the Soviet Government as well as an advance to American exporters who would in turn be obliged to guarantee repayment for shipments up to twenty-five per cent. The deal appealed to the Russians as a breach in the "credit blockade" and the initial response to Foreign Commissar Litvinov's London pronouncement that the Soviet Union was in the market for a billion dollars worth of goods, provided that favorable terms and loans be granted to finance the purchases. Opinion in the United States was not so unanimous. While Senator McKellar approved the cotton-purchase plan, Senator King called the R. F. C. program "unwise and improvident," adding that the Corporation had no right to "risk the taxpayers' money."

An equally important development from the standpoint of Russia's foreign markets was marked by the release of the two British prisoners William MacDonald and Leslie C. Thornton. Trade relations between Great Britain and Soviet Russia had been broken off following the trial of six British engineers of the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company on charges of espionage, wrecking, bribery, and conspiracy. It was announced that the two engineers had had their sentences "commuted" and that they were "free" to leave the Soviet Union. Both the British embargo on Russian goods and the Soviet counter-embargo on British products were terminated upon the release of the two prisoners.

Foreign Commissar Litvinov's third success at London was signalized by the signing of a new peace treaty between Russia and her immediate neighbors (excepting Finland, China and Manchukuo). The signatory countries comprised Afghanistan, Estonia, Latvia, Persia, Poland, Rumania, and Turkey. Aggression was rather elaborately defined in the protocol, while in addition there was established, at least indirectly, an obligation of mutual support. In this way the Soviet Union was buttressed by a ring of friendly protection except for that vast region in the Far East where trade and transportation conflicts had already endangered the frontier. Emphasis was added to the latter menace by the refusal of Manchukuo to pay the \$132,600,000 demanded by Russia for her share in the Chinese Eastern Railway.

Religious Situation in Germany.—Much confusion existed in regard to the status of the churches in the new order with contradictory rumors flying thick and fast. The report that Chancellor Hitler was ready to abandon his affiliation with the Catholic Church and become the head of a United German Christian Church was as promptly denied by Hitler's representatives. The Nazi leader declared that he wished to be neutral in the re-

ligious issue. It was becoming more evident that an agreement among the factions in the Protestant dispute was nearing, with the German Christians taking the lion's share while granting, at the urgent personal appeal of President von Hindenburg to Chancellor Hitler, freedom in the religious or spiritual domain. There would be no election of deputies for the churches but the governing body should be selected by the parties concerned on the basis of representation of each faction in the church membership. According to the latest instruction the Nazi element was to have seventy per cent of the delegates. It was thought that under the influence of the plea of the President for liberty of conscience the question of unity, nationalism, and independence in dogmatic teaching would be settled at a meeting called by Minister of the Interior Frick at which Dr. Mueller and Dr. von Bodelschwingh would settle their differences by compromises. The appointment of Dr. August Jaeger as Nazi Church commissioner in Prussia made opposition to the Nazi regime impossible.

Nazis Press Program.—The resignation of Dr. Alfred Hugenberg from the Reich Cabinet afforded Chancellor Hitler the opportunity of placing his chief agricultural adviser in charge of the new scheme of farm development to bring aid to unemployment. The Ministry of Economics was distributed into the Ministry of Commerce given to Dr. Kurt Schmitt, and the Ministry of Agriculture assigned to Dr. Walter Darre. The latter was known to be feared by the landed gentry as a radical, and to him Hitler gave credit for the complete support of the Nazi movement by the farm element. This blow to the Junkers and the extreme Rightists indicated how completely Hitler had gathered the reins into his own hands. On reports of restlessness among some parts of the storm troops, Hitler issued threatening orders against any attempt at a "second revolution." Efforts were being made under the direction of Gottfried Feder to restore business to private management but under strict Government leadership and national planning. The commissars who had been installed by the Nazis have been recalled and the owners have again taken charge. The budget was balanced at 5,900,000,000 marks but it eliminated debt reduction and the States' share in tax receipts. The Reichsbank reported gold holdings at the lowest for the year, the present ratio to outstanding circulation being only 7.1 per cent. It had been 20.4 a year ago.

Catholics and the Center Party.—While the Catholics seemed not to be molested in the early stages of the revolution's new religious policy, it became daily more evident that the "totalitarian" principle of the Nazis would finally demand the surrender of the Catholic Center party which had been the bulwark of Catholic rights and principles since the days of Bismarck. In spite of assurances that boys' and young people's clubs would not be interfered with, they were finally raided by the police and Nazi storm troops under the pretext that they were fomenting opposition to the Government. All their

records were seized. Orders were issued that they must disband and all form of public demonstration of Catholic united action was held unlawful. Several priests were arrested for utterances said to be derogatory to the revolution. Some of the clergy members of the Reichstag resigned their seats, while other Catholic leaders of the Center party went over to the Nazi regime. In the meantime favorable reports continued to come from Rome and Berlin that the negotiations between Von Papen and the Papal Secretary of State were moving to a satisfactory solution for a new concordat that would regulate the conditions of Catholics in the unified nation, and the initialing of the document was expected momentarily. It was certain that the Church would pledge itself to abstain from any activity in politics, for this had been the avowed policy of Pius XI in his dealing with other countries, and would demand liberty of conscience and the right of religious education and development of Catholic action in the moral and religious field. On July 5 former Chancellor Bruening, who recently had returned to head the Center party in the hope of preventing its emasculation, announced the end of the Center Party and its immediate disbandment as a entity not fitting into the present scheme of government.

Irish Senate Restricted.—Through the latest Constitutional Amendment act, President de Valera began to put through his plan to reduce the power of the Senate, if not finally to abolish that body. According to the Constitution, the Senate has power to reject a bill passed by the Dail; in that case, the bill cannot become law until a period of eighteen months has elapsed, or until a general election has intervened and the bill has again been passed by the newly elected Dail. The amendment introduced by Mr. de Valera would reduce the statutory period by which the Senate could prevent a bill from becoming law to five months in all; that is, a bill passed by the Dail would be sent to the Senate; if rejected by that body, the Dail could again, after three months, send the bill back to the Senate; after a lapse of two more months, whether the Senate rejected the bill or not, the bill would become effective. In moving the second reading of this amendment, Mr. de Valera stated that "it was unfair that a second Chamber, constituted as the Senate was, should be in a position to flout the people's will and prevent measures which were deemed necessary by those directly responsible to the people being taken." He asserted, as his view, that the Senate "fulfilled no useful purpose, and that there was waste of public money in maintaining it." The cost was estimated at about £40,000. He stated that "the Executive intended to bring in proposals to end the present Senate at any rate." On the part of the opposition, Desmond Fitzgerald charged that the proposal about the Senate was really a proposal to set up a dictatorship.

Quebec Bishops on Communism.—Cardinal Villeneuve and the Archbishops and Bishops of the civil Province of Quebec issued an official pronouncement on capitalism and Communism following their meeting in

June. In the first item of the six enumerated, "they condemn and reject Soviet Communism for its irreligious plotting, as well as for its revolutionary spirit from a social viewpoint." Under the second number, "they equally condemn all forms of Socialism and collectivism" which wrongly estimate the role of liberty and of private initiative in the economic-social organization. In number three, "they exhort the Faithful not to mistake the abuse of capitalism with capitalism," but they assert in the fifth item that "they nevertheless regret the abuse of capitalism, that is, the economic dictatorship which tends towards an unjust distribution of riches and towards the unmerited misery of the working class." In the concluding paragraph, asserting their desire to offset these abuses of capitalism, they "recall to everyone the necessity of the general practice of justice and Christian charity fostered by wise social legislation." In the fourth item, they issued a warning against programs and theories which "preach the recourse to force in view of readjusting present conditions" and which "tend towards the subversion of our politico-social order."

Papal Pilgrims.—Holy Year pilgrims numbering many thousands renewed their homage on June 30 when Pope Pius XI emerged from the Vatican and attended a brilliant Solemn Mass at the basilica of St. Paul-Outside-the-Walls. It was the third appearance of Pope Pius in the famous basilicas of Rome following his avowed intention of visiting these during the Holy Year in order to obtain the plenary indulgence. The Pontiff was accompanied by Commendatore Serafini, Governor of Vatican City, and by hundreds of specially invited guests including several American prelates and Vice-Chancellor von Papen of Germany. While Italian troops formed in the square outside the church to render the Pope military honors, the pilgrims burst into enthusiastic cries of "Viva il Papa." The crowd remained in the square until the Pope, after a brief rest, entered his automobile to be driven back to the Vatican.

Hilaire Belloc will return to these pages after an absence of several months with an article in his typical style on a burning and timely question. His paper will be called "The Persecution of the Jews."

The recent convention of the National Catholic Alumni Federation in New York has offered John LaFarge an occasion for some pertinent conclusions which he will embody in a paper entitled "The Opportunity of the Catholic Graduate."

Still another paper has come from our Literary Editor on "Writing," perhaps the best to date, and the fifth in the series. Father Talbot's article will be called, simply, "Learning to Write."

On a tour of various conventions in the Middle West, the Editor visited the world's fair at Chicago, "A Century of Progress." He will offer some reflections on it next week.